

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
HUGH TREVOR.

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

— 'TIS SO PAT TO ALL THE TRIBE
EACH CRIES THAT WAS LEVELLED AT ME.

GAY.

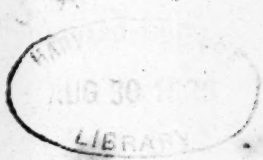
VOLUME IV.

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THE
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OF
HUGH TREVOR.

CHAP. I.

THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF ILLICIT ATTEMPTS TO BECOME RICH. THE SLEEP OF A GAMESTER. MORNING MEDITATIONS.

THE pungency of extreme grief acts as a temporary opiate : for a short time it lulls the sufferer to insensibility, and sleep ; but it is only to recruit him and awaken him to new torments.

When I reached my lodgings, I appeared to myself to have sunk into a state of quiescent resignation. The die was cast. My doom was irrevocable ; and despair itself seemed to have lost its charm : the animation, the vigour, of misery was gone. I was reduced to an inevitable

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post-horse kind of endurance; and had only now to be thankful if I might be permitted to exist. From an audacious and arrogant confidence in my own strength, I had suddenly yet by perceptible gradations declined, though with excruciating pangs at every step, till I now at last found myself in a state of sluggish and brute imbecility.

Staggering home in this temper, I undressed myself, went to bed with stupid composure, and felt like a wretch that had been stretched on the rack, and, having just been taken off, was suffered to sink into lifeless languor, because he could endure no more. I was mistaken. My sleeping sensations soon became turbulent, oppressive, fevered, terrific, yet cumbrous, and impossible to awake from and escape.

It was seven in the morning, when I returned to my lodging. When I went to bed, my heaviness was so great that I
seemed

seemed as if I could have slept for centuries ; and, so multifarious and torturing were the images that haunted me, that, the time actually appeared indefinitely protracted : a month, a year, an age : yet it was little more than two hours. The moment struggling nature had cast off her horrible night-mares, and I had once more started into identity, the anguish of the past day and night again seized me. Pains innumerable, and intolerable, rushed upon me. Each new thought was a new serpent. Mine was the head of Medusa : with this difference ; my scorpions shed all their venom inward.

Confusion of mind is the source of pain : but confusion is the greatest in minds that are the seldomest subject to it ; and with those the pain is proportionably intense. The conflict was too violent to be endured, without an endeavour to get rid of it. I rose, traversed my room I

know not how long, and at last rushed into the street; with a sort of feeling that, when in the open air, the atmosphere of misery that enveloped me would be swallowed up, and lost, in the infinite expanse.

The hope was vain: it wrapped me round like a cloak. It was a universal caustic, that would not endure to be touched; much less torn away. I groaned. I gnashed my teeth. I griped my hands. I struck myself violent blows. I ran with fury, in circles, in zigzag, with sudden turns and frantic bounds; and, finding myself on the banks of the Avon, plunged headlong in.

I acted from no plan, or forethought; therefore was far from any intention to drown myself; and, being in the water, I swam as I had run, like a mad or hunted bull.

That unpremeditated sensation which enforces immediate action is what, I suppose,

pose, Philosophers mean by instinct : if the word ever had any definite meaning. Thousands of these instinctive experiments are, no doubt, injurious to the animals that make them : but, their number being unlimited, some of them are successful. The benefit is remembered ; they are repeated ; and a future race profits by the wisdom that becomes habitual. I am well persuaded that my immersion in the stream was assuaging ; and gamesters hereafter, or the faculty themselves, may, if they please, profit by the experiment.

I have no distinct recollection of coming out of the water : though I remember walking afterward, two or three hours, till my cloaths were again entirely dry. My feelings, in the interval, were somewhat similar to those of the preceding evening ; declining from frantic agitation to stupidity, and torpor.

CHAP. II.

AN UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE; AND A DESPERATE
CONTEST. VICTORY DEARLY BOUGHT.

MAN is, or, which is the same thing, his sensations are, continually changing; and it may be truly affirmed that he is many different animals in the course of a day. A very unexpected, yet very natural, incident again roused me, to a state of activity.

During my ramble, I had strayed among the new buildings, below the Crescent. I know not whether I had any latent hope, or wish, of having a distant sight of Olivia, walking there as is customary for air and exercise: though I was certainly far too much degraded, in my own opinion, to intend being seen myself, even by her; much less by any of those proud beings, those ephemeræ of fortune, with whom, while I despised their arrogance, not to
asso-

associate, not to be familiar, nay not to treat with a sort of conscious superiority, was misery. We all practise that haughtiness, ourselves, which, in others, is so irritating to our feelings ; and for which we pretend to have so sovereign a contempt.

As I passed a number of workmen, my moody apathy, though great, did not prevent me from hearing one of them exclaim, with a loud and suddenly angry surprize, “ By G— that is he ! ”

I was at some little distance. I heard the steps of a man running speedily toward me. I turned round. He looked me full in the face ; and, with no less eagerness, repeated—“ Yes ! D-mn me if it is not ! Dick ! Will ! Come here ! Run ! ”

I stood fixed. I did not recollect ever to have seen the exact figure before me ; but I had a strong and instantaneously a painful impresson, of the same form in

a different garb. It was the man whom I had accused, the day before, of picking my pocket: the poor fellow who had been so unmercifully ducked, and ill treated, by the mob.

His impatience of revenge was furious. Without uttering another word, he made a desperate blow at me. I was unprepared; and it brought me to the ground. His foot was up, to second it with as violent a kick; but, fortunately, the generous spirit of my opponent and the laws of mob honour were mutually my shield. He recollected the cowardice as well as the opprobrium of kicking a combatant, when down; and, in the tone of rage, commanded me to get up.

I was not slow in obeying the mandate; nor he in repeating the assault. I warded several of his blows, which were dealt with too much thoughtless fury to be dangerous; but again and again called on him to stop, for a moment, and
hear

hear me. I felt I had been the cause of much mischief to the man ; and had no alacrity to increase the wrong. My behaviour was not that of fear ; and his companions at length got between us, and for a moment prevented the battle.

We were at the bottom of the hill : the beginning of the fray had been seen, and the crowd was collecting in every direction. The beaux descended from the crescent ; and left their belles to view us through their opera-glasses, and pocket-telescopes, while they came to collect more circumstantial information. The Mowbray family had just arrived at this public *promenade*. Hector and tall Andrews joined the mob : the aunt and Olivia remained on the walk.

The story of the false accusation, the ducking, and the injuries done to my antagonist, ran, varied and mangled, from mouth to mouth : a general sensation of rage was excited against me ;

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and

and Hector and Andrews very charitably gave it every assistance in their power. Not satisfied with this, they proposed the *Lex Talionis*; and called—"Duck him!" "Duck him!" They took care, however, to turn their backs; imagining that, amid the hubbub, I should not distinguish their voices.

My antagonist, though but a journeyman carpenter, had too much of the hero in him to admit of this mean revenge. His anger could only be appeased by chastising me with his own arm; and proving to me, as well as to the crowd, how unworthy he was of that contemptible character which my accusation had endeavoured to fix upon him. He was therefore determined to oblige me to fight.

I never remember to have felt greater repugnance, than I now had, to defend myself, by committing more hurt and injury upon this indignant, but brave, fellow.

low. I tried to expostulate, nay to intreat, but in vain : my remonstrances were construed into cowardice, and fight I must, or suffer such disgrace as my tyro-philosophy was ill calculated to endure.

My antagonist was stripped in form ; and, as the diversion of a battle is what an English mob will never willingly forego, I found partisans ; who determined to see fair play, encouraged, instructed me, clapped me on the back, and, partly by intreaty partly by violence, stripped off my coat. They were vexed at my obstinate refusal to part with my waistcoat and shirt.

With their usual activity, they soon made a ring ; and I stood undetermined, and excessively reluctant ; not very willing to receive, but infinitely averse to return the blows he now once more began to deal !

The carpenter was an athletic and powerful man ; famous for the battles he

had fought, and the victories he had gained. His companions, who evidently had an affection for him, and who knew his prowess, had no supposition that I could withstand him for five minutes: though the hopes of those who were the most eager for the sport had been a little raised, by the alertness with which I rose, after being at first knocked down, and the skill with which I then stood on my defence.

The doubts that pervaded my mind imparted, I suppose, something of that appearance to my countenance which is occasioned by fear; for my adversary approached me with looks of contempt; and, as I retreated, bade me stand forward and face him like a man. The crowd behind seconded him; and, fearing it should be a run-away victory, was rather willing to press upon and push me forward than to recede, and give me any play. Hector and Andrews were
all

all the while very active, as instigators.

My indecision occasioned me to receive several severe blows, without returning one ; till, at length, I was again extended on the ground, by a very desperate blow near the ear ; which, for a few seconds, deprived me of all sense and recollection.

This was no longer to be endured. As soon as I recovered, I sprang on my feet, condescended to strip, and became in turn the assailant. The joy and vociferation of the mob were immense. They thought it had been all over ; and to see me now rise, stand forward, and fight, as I did, with so much determination and effect, was, to them, rapture. They had discovered a hero. Their education had taught them, for such is education, that the man who has the power to endure and to inflict the most misery is the most admirable.

For

For six successive rounds, I had completely the advantage ; during which my brave foe had received five knock-down blows : for that is the phrase. His companions and friends were astonished. The beau pugilists were vociferating their bets ; five pounds to a crown in my favour.

The carpenter was as hardy as he was courageous. He collected himself ; I had become less circumspect, and he threw in another dangerous blow near my temple, with the left hand, that again felled me insensible to the earth.

I now recovered more slowly, and less effectually. I had been severely breathed, by the violence of exertion. The laws of pugilistic war will not suffer a man to lie, after being knocked down, more than a certain number of seconds. Hector had his stop-watch in his hand ; and tall Andrews joined him, to enforce the rule in all its rigour. I was lifted on
my

my feet before I had perfectly recovered my recollection ; and was again knocked down, though with less injury. While down, I received a kick in the side ; of which my partisans instantly accused Andrews.

Meaning to do me mischief, he did me a favour. The wrangling that took place gave me time to recover ; and being again brought in face of my opponent, I once more proposed a reconciliation ; and, stretching out my arm, asked him to shake hands. But, no. The ducking was too bitterly remembered. "He would beat me ; or never go alive from the ground."

For a moment, the generous thought of acknowledging myself vanquished suggested itself : but rising vanity, and false shame, spurned at the proposal ; therefore, since he was so desperate, I had no resource but in being equally savage. Accordingly, I bent my whole powers to this detestable purpose, brought him
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twice more to the ground, and, on the third assault, gave him a blow that verified his own prediction ; for he fell dead at my feet, and was taken up lifeless from the place.

Agony to agony ! Vice to vice ! Such was my fate ! Where, when, how, was it to have an end ? Were not my own personal sufferings sufficient ? Accuse an innocent man of theft ; deliver him over to the fury of a mob ; and, not contented with that, meet him again to fight, beat, murder him ! And without malice ; without evil intention ! Nay, with the very reverse : abhorring the mischief I had done him ; and admiring the intrepidity and fortitude he had displayed !

Nor did it end here : the intelligence that was instantly sent round was horror indeed. He had left a wife and seven children !

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE KIND BEHAVIOUR OF OLD FRIENDS. A JOYFUL
RECOVERY. MORE MISFORTUNES. PATIENCE
PER FORCE.

NEVER were sensations more truly tragical than mine : yet, as is frequent, they had a dash of the ridiculous ; which resulted from the machinations of my good friends, Hector and Andrews. To inspire others with the contempt in which they held, or rather endeavoured to hold, me, and to revenge the insults which they supposed themselves to have received from me, were their incentives. They knew I had been stripped of my money at the gaming-table : they mingled with the partisans of the carpenter ; and, informing them that I was a pretended gentleman, advised them to have me taken before a magistrate ; for that the law would at least make me provide for the

the widow and children. Perhaps it would hang me : as I deserved. They farther proposed a subscription, to begin with me ; and accordingly they came up to me, as by deputation, with the murdered man's hat.

The mortification they intended me had its full effect. I was penniless ; and the epithets which generous souls like these appropriate, to such upstart intruders upon their rights and privileges as myself, were muttered with as much insolence as they had the courage to assume.

I was not yet tamed. I could not endure this baiting. I hated, almost abhorred, Andrews. He dared to pretend love to Olivia : he had brought me into disgrace with her ; nay was soon to rob me of her everlastingly ; and, recollecting the kick he had bestowed upon me when down, I called him a scoundrel ; and accompanied the coarse expression with a blow.

In

In a moment, the mob were again in agitation, expected another battle, admired my hardy valour, and called for a ring. Andrews knew better : he saved them the trouble ; and shuffled away ; followed, though scouted even by Hector himself, for his cowardice. Mowbray remembered the battle of the rats ; and, by comparison, found himself a very hero.

The moment I was permitted, I enquired to what place the poor carpenter had been taken ; and followed with infinite terror, but with a faint degree of hope ; some affirming that he was dead, others that he was not. I was attended by several of my admirers.

It would be vain to attempt any picture of what my feelings were, when, coming into his dwelling, I found him alive ! sitting surrounded by his wife, children, and companions ! I fell on my knees to him. I owned all the mischief I had
done

done him. I conjured him, for God's sake, to forgive me. I was half frantic ; and the worthy fellow, in the same free spirit with which he had fought, stretched out his hand, in token of his forgiveness and friendship.

His unaffected magnanimity prompted me instantly to execute a design which I had before formed. "Stay where you are, my good friends," said I, to the people that stood round him. "I will be back in a few minutes. The little reparation that I can make I will make : to shew you that it was from error, and not ill intention, that I have done this brave man so much injury."

So saying, I ran out of the house, directed my course to my lodgings, and hastened to my trunk ; to take out the ten-pound note, which I had reserved to pay my Bath debts. My passions were too much in a hurry to admit of any enquiry how these debts were to be paid, when

when I should have given the bank-note to the carpenter. I was determined not to enquire ; but to appease my feelings, rescue my character, and bestow it on him.

Where were my troubles to end ? The persecuting malice of fortune was intolerable. Philip, the footman whom I had hired, but scarcely ever employed, had disappeared : having previously broken open my trunk, and taken, with the ten pounds, such of my linen and effects as he could carry under his cloaths, and in his pockets, without being seen.

This was a stroke little less painful than the worst of the accidents that had befallen me : yet, so harassed was my mind, and so wearied with grieving, that I did not feel it with half the poignancy.

Act however I must. But how ? I had left the carpenter and his family in suspense. Must I talk of favours which I could not confer ? or mention remuneration

ration that would but seem like mockery? This was painful: but not so painful as falsehood.

I therefore returned, related the story of the robbery, and added that "my intentions were to have endeavoured to afford some small recompence, for the unintentional injury I had committed. I was sorry that, at present, this accident had deprived me of the power: but I hoped I should not always be so very destitute. I certainly should neither forget the debt I had incurred, nor the noble behaviour of the man who had suffered so much from me. At present I was very unfortunate: but, if ever I should become more prosperous, I should remember my obligation, and in what manner it would become me to see it discharged."

I was heard with patience, and with no disappointment. My auditors, though poor, were far from selfish. Beside, as
I had

I had not previously declared what I had intended, I had excited little expectation. My vanquished opponent, whose name was Clarke, was soothed by the justice I did him, in defending his innocence and praising his courage ; and said “ I had given him the satisfaction of a man, and that was all he asked.” He rather sympathized with my loss than felt a loss of his own ; and gave various indications of a generous spirit, such as is seldom to be found among persons who would think themselves highly disgraced by any comparison between them and a poor carpenter. I own I quitted him with a degree of esteem, such as neither the lord nor the bishop I had once been so willing, or rather so industrious, to revere had the good fortune to inspire.

Having said every thing I could recollect, to remove the doubts which the whole transaction might have excited
against

against me, I was eager to return to my lodging, and consider what was best to be done.

The probability of tracing my footman and recovering the bank note, a considerable portion of which by the bye was due to him for wages, suggested itself. I recollected that when I rose, after my two hours sleep, he had brought the breakfast; and had manifested some tokens of anxiety, at perceiving the perturbation of my mind. I had hastily devoured the bread and butter that was on the table, and drank a single basin of tea; after which he enquired as I went out, when I should be back? And I had answered, in a wild manner, "I did not know. Perhaps never."

From the degree of interest that he had shewn, the robbery appeared the more strange; and the remembrance of his enquiring and compassionate looks made me

the less eager to pursue, and have him hanged: though, at that time, I considered hanging as a very excellent thing.

Beside, I had not the means of pursuit: I had no money. He had probably taken the London road; and, profiting by the first stage-coach that passed, was now beyond my reach.

But how was I to act? How discharge my debts? What was to become of me? I could find no solution to these difficulties. I was oppressed by them. I was wearied by the excess of action on my body, as well as mind. I sunk down on the bed, without undressing or covering myself, and fell into a profound sleep.

CHAP. IV.

A FEVER. BAD MEN HAVE GOOD QUALITIES.
MORE PROOFS OF COMPASSION. A SCANDALOUS
TALE DOES NOT LOSE IN TELLING. FAREWELL
TO BATH.

THE emptiness of my stomach (for I had eaten nothing except the bread and butter I mentioned, since the preceding day at dinner) the heats into which my violent exertions had thrown me, and the sudden reverse of cold to which my motionless sleep subjected me, produced consequences that might easily have been foreseen : I awoke, in the dead of the night, and found myself seized with shivering fits, my teeth chattering, a sickness at my stomach, my head intolerably heavy, and my temples bruised with the blows I had received, and having a sensation as if they were ready to burst. To all this was added the stiffness that pervaded

vaded the muscles of my arms, and body, from the bruises, falls, and battering they had received.

It was with difficulty I could undress myself, and get into bed ; where, after I had lain shaking with increasing violence I know not how long, my agueish sensations left me ; and were changed into all the soreness, pains, and burning, that denote a violent fever.

During this paroxysm, I felt consolation from its excess ; which persuaded me, that I was now on my death bed. I remembered all the wrongs, which I conceived myself to have suffered, with a sort of misanthropical delight ; arising from the persuasion that, in my loss, the world would be punished for the vileness of its injustice toward me. Perhaps every human being conceives that, when he is gone, there will be a chasm, which no other mortal can supply ; and I am not certain that he does not conceive truly.

Young men of active and impetuous talents have this persuasion in a very forcible degree.

All that I can remember of this fit of sickness, till the violence and danger of it were over, is, that the people of the house came to me in the morning, I knew not at what hour, and made some enquiries. A delirium succeeded; which was so violent that, at the beginning of my convalescence, I had absolutely lost my memory; and could not without effort recollect where I was, how I had come there, or what had befallen me. The first objects that forcibly arrested my attention, and excited memory, were the honest carpenter, Clarke, and his wife sitting by my bedside, and endeavouring to console me.

The particulars which I afterward learned were, that Belmont had come, the first day of my illness; had seen me delirious; had heard the account of my having been
robbed,

robbed, and had left a twenty-pound note for my immediate necessities.

So true is it that the licentious, the depraved, and the unprincipled are susceptible of virtue; and desirous of communicating happiness. The most ignorant only are the most inveterately brutal: but nothing less than idiotism, or madness, can absolutely deprive man of his propensity to do good.

I was further informed that a sealed paper, addressed to Mr. Trevor, had been received, and opened in the presence of the physician, containing another twenty-pound bank-bill; but the paper that inclosed it was blank: and that Clarke, unable to go immediately to work, and reflecting on what he had heard from me concerning the destitute state in which I, a stranger in Bath, was left by the robbery of my servant, had walked out the next day, had come with fear and diffidence to enquire after me, and that, find-

ing me in a high fever, his wife had been my first nurse.

Her own large family indeed prevented her from watching and continuing always with me; and therefore another attendant was obliged to be hired: but she was by my bed side the greatest part of every day; and her husband the same till he was again able to work; after which he never failed to come in the evening.

He was a generous fellow. I had won his heart, by my desire to do him justice; and my condescension excited a degree of adoration in him, when he found that I was really what the world calls a gentleman. He had visited me before Belmont had left the money; and, hearing the landlady talk of sending me to the hospital, had proposed to take me to his home; that he and his wife might do a christian part by me, and I not be left to the mercy of strangers.

And

And here, as they are intimately connected with my own history, it is necessary I should mention such particulars as I have since learned, concerning Olivia.

Hector and Andrews had been busy, in collecting all the particulars they could, relating to me, from the mob; among whom the strangest rumours ran: of which these my fast friends were predisposed to select the most unfavourable, and to believe and report them as true. All of these they carried to Olivia, and her aunt; and the chief of them were, that I had falsely accused a man of theft, had seized him by the collar, dragged him to the water, and had been the principal person in ducking him to death. The brother of this man had discovered who I was; and had followed me, with his comrades, to have me taken before a magistrate: but I had artfully talked to the people round me, had got a part of the mob on my side, and had then be-

gun to beat and ill use the brother. They added that I had stripped like a common bruiser, of which character I was ambitious; that the brother had fought with uncommon bravery; that he had been treated with foul play, by me and my abettors; and that, in conclusion, I had killed him: that, in addition to this, I had prevented a subscription, for the widow and *nine* young children, which had been proposed by them; that I had insulted them, struck at Andrews, and challenged him to box with me, for this their charitable endeavour to relieve the widow and her children; and that, having lost my last guinea at the gaming table the night before in their presence, I should probably run away from my lodgings, or perhaps turn highwayman; for which they thought me quite desperate enough.

It may well be imagined what effect a story like this would produce, on the mind of Olivia: corroborated as it was, though

though not proved in every incident, by the circumstances which she herself had witnessed from the crescent, by those which she gathered on enquiry from other people, by her own experience of my rash impetuosity, and these all heightened by the conjectures of an active imagination, and a heart not wholly uninterested. She hoped indeed that I had not actually killed two men: but she had the most dreadful doubts.

The impression it made upon her did not escape the penetration of the aunt; and she determined to quit Bath, and take Olivia with her, the very next day. Terrified by the possibility that the predictions of Hector and Andrews should be fulfilled, Olivia ventured secretly to instruct her maid to search the book in the pump room, and find my address, and afterward to send her with the twenty-pound bank-bill: hoping that this temporary resource might have some

small chance of preventing the fatal consequences which she feared.

Had they returned to London, by the aid of Miss Wilmot and Mary, she might have made further enquiries: but the cautious aunt directed her course to Scarborough.

I was excessively reduced by the fever. According to the physician and apothecary, my life had been in extreme danger; and eight weeks elapsed before I was able to quit Bath. The expences I had incurred amounted to between eight and nine and twenty pounds. I was fully determined to bestow the ten pounds I had originally intended on Clarke. Thus, after distributing such small gifts among the servants as custom and my notion of the manners of a gentleman demanded, the only choice I had was, either to sell my cloaths, or, with four and sixpence in my pocket, to undertake a journey to London on foot.

I pre-

I preferred the latter, sent my trunk to the waggon, returned for the last time to my lodging, inclosed a ten pound note in a letter, in which I expressed my sense of the worth of Clarke, and my sorrow for the evil I had done him, and, sending it by the maid-servant, I followed, and watched her to his dwelling.

CHAP. V.

THE PAIN OF PARTING. THE PROSPECT BEFORE
ME. POOR MEN HAVE THEIR AFFECTIONS AND
FRIENDSHIPS.

DURING my recovery, I had conversed freely on my own affairs, with Clarke and his wife. They gradually became acquainted with my whole history; and discovered so much interest in the pictures I drew, and entered so sympathetically and with such unaffected marks of passion into all my feelings, that I found

not only great ease but considerable delight, in narrating my fears, hopes, and mishaps.

Clarke had a strong understanding; and was not entirely illiterate. His wife was active, cleanly, and kind. Their children were managed with great good sense: the three eldest were put out, two to service, and the other an apprentice; and, large as their family was, they had, by labour and œconomy, advanced a considerable step from the extreme poverty to which such persons are too often subject.

When I went to take leave of them, I could perceive, not only that they were both very much affected, but that Clarke had something more on his imagination. He had a great respect for my gentility, and learning; and was always afraid of being too familiar. At some moments, he felt as it were the insolence of having fought with me: at others a gleam of exultation

exultation broke forth, at his having had that honour. He had several times expressed an earnest wish that he might be so happy as to see me again ; and, when I assured him that he should hear from me, his feelings were partly doubt, and partly strong delight.

Just as I was prepared to bid them farewell, he gave a deep sigh ; and said “ he thought he should soon come to London. He wished he knew where I might be found, and, if he should leave the country, it would be a great favour done him if he might but be allowed to come and ask me how I did. If I would allow him that honour, it would make his heart very light. He had been many years in his present employ ; and perhaps his master would be sorry, if he were to leave him ; but he had given him fair notice. At one time, he did not believe he ever should have left him ; but he thought

now

now he should be much happier in London."

His tone was serious, there was a dejectedness in his manner, and with it, as was evident, much smothered emotion in his heart. I was affected; and taking his hand, earnestly assured him that, if ever fortune should smile on me, I would not forget what had happened at Bath. His parting reply was, "God be with you, wherever you go! Perhaps you may see me again sooner than you think for."

This was the temper in which we took leave, previous to my sending the maid with the ten-pound note: and, as I passed within sight of his door, I felt the regret of quitting a human being whose attachment to me was manifestly so strong and affectionate. But I had no alternative; and I pursued my road.

Winter was advancing: the weather was rainy: the roads were heavy. The cloudy

cloudy sky sympathised with the gloom of the prospect before me. I had wasted my patrimony, quarrelled with my protectors, renounced the university, had no profession, no immediate resource, and had myself and my mother to provide for : by what means I knew not.

The experience of Wilmot seemed to prove how precarious a subsistence the labours of literature afford ; and Wilmot was indisputably a man of genius.

I had not quite concluded against the morality of the practice of the law : but I remembered, in part, the objections of Turl ; and they were staggering. Had it been otherwise, where would have been the advantage ? I had entered of the Temple : but I had neither the means of keeping my terms nor the patience to look forward, for precarious wealth and fame, to so distant a period.

All this might have been endured : but Olivia ? — Where was she ? — Perhaps

haps, at that moment, the wife of Andrews !——Or if not, grant she were never to be his, she never could be mine. Yet mine she must be ! Mine she should be ! I would brave the despotism of her odious enslavers ! I would move heaven and earth ! I would defy hell itself to separate us !

Such were the continual conflicts to which I was subject : and, while the fogs of despondency rose thick and murky around me, with them continually rose the *ignis fatuus* of hope ; dancing before my eyes, and encouraging me step after step to follow on.

Considering how wild and extravagant the desires of youth are, it is happy for them that they calculate so ill ; and are so short-sighted. Their despair would else be frequently fatal.

I did not forget, as a supposed immediate means of relief, that my pamphlet against the Earl and the Bishop was
printed ;

printed; and I thought the revenge more than justifiable: it was a necessary vindication of my own honour and claims. I was indeed forty pounds in debt: twenty to Belmont; and twenty more to I knew not whom: though I suspected, and partly hoped partly feared, it was Olivia. I hoped it, because it might be affection. I feared it, lest it should be nothing more than pity; for one whom she had known in her childhood, but whom, now he was a man, she might compassionate, but must contemn. To have been obliged even to Olivia, on these terms, was worse than starving. Such were my meditations through the day; which was a little advanced when I left Bath.

I was eager to perform my journey, and had walked at a great rate. A little before twilight, I heard a distant call, two or three times repeated. At last, I turned round, saw a hat waving, and heard my own name.

I stopped:

I flopped ; and the person approached. It was Clarke. I was surpris'd ; and enquired the reason of his following me. He was embarrassed ; and began with requesting I would go a little slower, for he had run and walked till he was half tired, and he would tell me.

Clarke was an untaught orator. He had very strong feelings ; and a clear head ; which are the two grand sources of eloquence. " You know," said he, " how much mischief I have done you ; for it cannot be denied. I struck you first, and knocked you down when you *was* off your guard. I set every body against you. I refused to shake hands with you, over and over, when you had the goodness to offer to forgive me. And, last of all, you may thank me for the fever ; which brought you to death's door. You forgave me this, as well as the rest. But that was not all. That would not content you. Because I had been used
ill,

- ill, without any malice of yours, nothing would satisfy you but to strip yourself of the little *modicum* that you had, and give it to me. So that, I am sure, you have hardly a shilling to take you up to London. And, when you are there, you are not so well off as I am : you have no trade. I can turn my hand to twenty things : you have never been used to hard work ; and how you are to live God Almighty knows ! For I am sure I cannot find out ; though I have been thinking of nothing else for weeks and weeks past."

" Why should you suppose I have no money ? "

" Because I am sure of it. asked and found out all that you had to pay. The servants too told me how open-hearted you *was* ; so that you had given away all you had. Shame on 'em for taking it, say I ! You are not fit to live in this world ! And then to send me ten pounds, who

who have a house and home, and hands to work ! But I'll be damned if I keep it ! ”

“ Nay but, indeed you must. ”

“ I will not ! I will not ! I would not forswear myself for all the money in the world ! And I have sworn it, again and again. So take it ! Nay, here, take it ! — If you don't, I'll throw it down in the road ; and let the first that comes find it ; for I'll not forswear myself. So pray now, I beg, for God's sake, you will take it ! ”

I found it was in vain to contend with him : he was too determined, and had taken this oath in the simplicity of his heart, that it might not be possible for him to recede. I therefore accepted the money : but I endeavoured, having received it to satisfy his oath, to persuade him to take a part of it back again. My efforts were fruitless. “ He had three half crowns, ” he told me, “ in his pocket ;

ket ; which would serve his turn, till he could get more : and he had left five guineas at home ; so that there was no fear his wife and children should want."

Happy, enviable, state of independence ! When a man and his wife and family, possessed of five guineas, are so wealthy that they are in no fear of want !

Having complied, because I found, though I could equal him in bodily activity, I could not vanquish him in generosity, I requested him to return to the place we just had passed through, and take up his lodging.

He replied, "To be sure he was a little tired ; for he had set out a good hour after me, and I had come at a rare rate. Not but that he could keep his ground, though I was so good a footman ; but that it did not become him to make himself my companion."

"Companion !" said I. "Why are not you going back to Bath ?"

"No :

“No : I have taken my leave of it. I shall go and set up my rest in London. I have not been sharking to my master. I thought of it some time since, and gave him fair notice ; and more than that, I got him another man in my room ; which is all he could demand : and I hope he will serve him as honestly as I have done.”

“What, would you forsake your wife and children ?”

“Forsake my wife and children !”

[There was a mixed emotion of indignant sorrow and surprize in his countenance.]

“I did not think, Mr. Trevor, you could have believed me to be such a base villain.”

“I do not believe it ! I never could believe it ! I spoke thoughtlessly. I saw you were too happy together for that to be possible.”

“Forsake my dear Sally, and our Bill,
and

and Bet, and —— ? No ! I'd sooner take up my axe and chop off my hand ! There is not another man in England has such a wife ! I have seen bad ones enough ; and, for the matter of that, bad husbands too. But that's nothing. If you will do me the favour, I should take it kind of you to let me walk with you, and keep you company, now night is coming on, to the next town ; and then you may take some rest, and wait for the stage in the morning. I shall make my way ; and find you out, I suppose, fast enough in London."

" Are you then determined to go to town ? "

" Yes : it is all settled. I told Sally ; and she did cry a little to be sure : but she was soon satisfied. She knows me ; and I never in my life found her piggish. God be her holy keeper ! "

" Why then, come along. We'll go together.

together. If I ride, you shall ride : if you walk, so will I."

"Will you? God bless you! You know how to win a man's heart! There is not so good or so brave a fellow, I mean gentleman, upon the face of the earth, damn me if there is! I beg your pardon! Indeed I do! But you force it out of one! One can't remember to keep one's distance, with you. However, I will try to be more becoming."

The manner of Clarke was more impressive than his words: though they, generally speaking, were not unapt.

We pursued our way together, mutually gratified by what had passed. Perhaps there is no sensation that so cheers, and sooths the soul, as the knowledge that there are other human beings, whose happiness seems knitted and bound up with our own; willing to share our fate, receive our favours, and, whenever oc-
casion

caſion offers, to return them ten fold !
 And the pleaſure is infinitely increaſed,
 when thoſe who are ambitious of being
 beloved by us ſeem to feel, and acknow-
 ledge, that we have more amply the pow-
 er of conferring than even of receiving
 happineſs.

CHAP. VI.

A FOOLISH GUIDE, AND A GLOOMY NIGHT. THE
 FEARS AND DANGERS OF DARKNESS. CASUAL
 LIGHTS LEAD TO ERROR, AND MISHAP.

WHILE we had been diſcuſſing the
 above points, we had ſat down ; and
 roſe to purſue our journey, as ſoon as
 we had brought them to a concluſion.
 We were on the borders of a foreſt. As
 we proceeded, we came up with a coun-
 tryman ; who, enquiring where we were
 going, told us that, by ſtriking a little out
 of the road, we might ſave half a mile.

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D

We

We had nine miles to travel, to the inn at which the stage coaches stopped ; and were very willing, Clarke especially, to shorten the way. The countryman said he was going part of the road ; and that the remainder was so plain it could not be mistaken. Accordingly, we put ourselves under his guidance.

The sun had been down, by this time, nearly an hour and a half. The moon gave some light ; but the wind was rising, she was continually obscured by thick swift-flying clouds, and our conductor advised us to push on, for it was likely to be a very bad night.

In less than a quarter of an hour his prophecy began to be fulfilled. The rain fell, and at intervals the opposing clouds and currents of air, aided by the impediments of hills and trees, gave us a full variety of that whistling, roaring, and howling, which is heard in high winds.

The darkness thickened upon us, and
I was

I was about to request the countryman to lead us to some village, or even barn, for shelter, when he suddenly struck into another path ; and, bidding us good night, again told us “ we could not miss our road.” We could not see where he was gone to ; and, though we repeatedly called, we called in vain : he was too anxious to get shelter himself to heed our anxiety, and was soon out of hearing.

So long as we could discern, the path we were in appeared to be tolerably beaten : but we now could no longer trace any path ; for it was too dark for the ground to have any distinct colour. We had skirted the forest ; and our only remaining guide was a hedge on our left.

In this hedge we placed our hopes. We followed its direction, I know not how long, till it suddenly turned off, at an angle ; and we found ourselves, as far as we could conjecture, from the intervening lights and the strenuous efforts

we made to discover the objects around us, on the edge of some wild place, probably a heath, with hills, and consequently deep vallies, perhaps streams of water, and precipices.

We paused ; we knelt down, examined with our eyes, and felt about with our hands, to discover whether we yet were in a path ; but could find none.

We continued our consultation, till we had begun to think it advisable to return, once more guided by the hedge. Yet this was not only very uncertain, but the idea of a retrograde motion was by no means pleasant.

While we were in this irresolute dilemma, we thought we saw a light ; that glimmered for a moment, and as suddenly disappeared. We watched, I know not how long, and again saw it twinkle, though, as we thought, in something of a different direction. Clarke said it was a Will o'the whisp. I replied, it might
be

be one, but, as it seemed the only chance we had, my advice was to continue our walk in that direction; in hopes that, if it were a light proceeding from any house or village, it would become more visible as we approached.

We walked on, I know not how far; and then paused; but discovered no more of the light. We walked again; again stood still, and looked on every side of us, either for the light or any other object; but we could see nothing distinctly. The obscure forms around us had varied their appearance; and whether they were hills, or clouds, or what they were, we could not possibly discover: though the first we still thought was the most probable.

By this time, we had no certain recollection of which way we had come; or to what point we were directing our course. We were continually in doubt: now pausing; now conjecturing; now proceeding.

We continued to wander, we knew not whither. Sometimes it appeared we went up hill ; and sometimes down. We had stepped very cautiously, and therefore very slowly ; had warned each other continually to be careful ; and had not dared to take twenty steps at a time, without mutually enquiring to know if all were safe.

We continued, environed as it were by the objects that most powerfully inspire fear ; by the darkness of night, the tumult of the elements, the utter ignorance of where we were or by what objects surrounded, and the dejectedness which our situation inspired. Thieves and assassins might be at our back, and we could not hear them : gulphs, rocks, or rivers, in our front, or on either side, and we could not see them. The next step might plunge us, headlong, we knew not whither.

These fears were not all imaginary.

Finding

Finding the ground very uneven on a sudden, and stumbling dangerously myself, I stood still—I did not hear my companion!—I called—I received no answer! I repeated, in a louder tone, “Clarke! Where are you?”—Still no answer!

I then shouted, with all the fear that I felt, and heard a faint response, that seemed to be beneath me, and at a prodigious distance. It terrified; yet it relieved. We had spoken not three minutes before. I stood silent, in hopes he would speak again: but my fears were too violent to remain so long. I once more called; and he replied, with rather a louder voice which lessened the apparent distance, “Take care! You’ll dash yourself to pieces!”

“Are you hurt?” said I.

“I hope not much,” returned he.
“For God’s sake take care of yourself!”

“Can you walk?”

D 4

“I shall

"I shall be able presently, I believe."

"How can I get to you?"

"I don't know."

"Stay where you are, and I will try."

"For God in heaven's sake don't! You'll certainly break your neck! I suppose I am in a chalk pit, or at the bottom of a steep crag."

"I will crawl to you on my hands and knees."

"Good God! You will surely kill yourself!"

"Nothing can be more dangerous than to lie here on the wet ground. We must only take care to keep within hearing of each other."

While I spoke, I began to put my crawling expedient in practice; still calling to Clarkc, every half minute, and endeavouring to proceed in the direction of his voice.

I found the rough impediments around me increase; till, presently, I came to one
that

that was ruder than the rest. I crawled upon it, sustained by my knees and right hand, and stretching forward with my left. I groped, but felt nothing. I cautiously laid my belly to the ground and stretched out my other arm. Still it was vacancy. I stretched a little more violently ; feeling forward, and on each side ; and I seemed to be projected upon a point, my head and shoulders inclining over a dark abyss, which the imagination left unfathomable.

I own I felt terror ; and the sensation certainly was not lessened, when, making an attempt to recover my position and go back, my support began to give way. My effort to retreat was as violent as my terror : but it was too late. The ground shook, loosened, and, with the struggle I made carrying me with it, toppled headlong down.

What the height that I fell was I have no means of ascertaining ; for the

heath on which we were wandering abounds with quarries, and precipices; but either it was, in fact, or my fears made it prodigious.

Had this expedient been proposed under such circumstances, as the only probable one of bringing me and Clarke together again, who would not have shuddered at it? Yet, though it is true I received a violent shock, I know of no injury that it did me.

As soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I replied to Clarke; whose questions were vehement; he having heard me fall. After mutual enquiry, we found we were both once more upon our legs; and had escaped broken bones. Though they had been severely shaken: Clarke's much the most violently.

But where were we now? How should we discover? Perhaps in a stone quarry; or lime pit. Perhaps at the edge of waters. It might be we had fallen down
only

only on the first bank, or ridge of a quarry; and had a precipice ten fold more dreadful before us.

While we were conjecturing, the stroke of a large clock, brought whizzing in the wind, struck full upon our ear. We listened, with the most anxious ardour. The next stroke was very, very faint: a different current had carried it a different way: and, with all our eager attention, we could not be certain that we heard any more. Yet, though we had lost much time and our progress had been excessively tedious, it could not be two o'clock in the morning. It might indeed very probably be twelve.

The first stroke of the clock made us conjecture it came from some steeple, or hall tower, at no very great distance. The second carried our imaginations we knew not whither. We had not yet recovered courage enough to take more steps than were necessary to come to each

other ; and, while we were considering, during an intermitting pause of the roaring of the wind, we distinctly heard a cur yelp.

Encouraged by this, we immediately hallooed with all our might. The wind again began to chase, and swell, and seemed to mock at our distress. Still we repeated our efforts, whenever the wind paused : but, instead of voices intending to answer our calls, we heard shrill whistlings ; which certainly were produced by men.

Could it be by good men ? By any but night marauders ; intent on mischief, but disturbed and alarmed ? They were signals indubitably ; for we shouted again, they were again given, and were then repeated from another quarter : at least, if they were not, they were miraculously imitated, by the dying away of the wind.

In a little while, we again heard the cur yelp ; and immediately afterward a howling,

howling, which was so mingled with the blast, that we could not tell whether it were the wind itself, the yelling of a dog, or the agonizing cries of a human voice: but it was a dreadfully dismal sound. We listened with perturbed and deep attention; and it was several times repeated, with increasing uncertainty, confusion, and terror.

What was to be done? My patience was exhausted. Danger itself could no longer detain me; and I told Clarke I was determined to make toward the village, or whatever the place was, from whence, dangerous and doubtful as they were, these various sounds proceeded.

Finding me resolute, he was very earnest to have led the way; and, when I would not permit him, he grasped me by the hand, and told me that, if there were pitfalls and gulphs, and if I did go down, unless he should have strength
enough

enough to save me, we would go down together.

CHAP. VII.

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS IN SUCCESSION. A
PLACE OF HORRORS AND ITS INMATES. A DIA-
LOGUE WORTHY OF THE PLACE.

AS we were cautiously and slowly taking step by step, and, as new conjectures crossed us, stopping to consider, we again saw a dancing light; but more distinctly, though, as we imagined, not very near. We repeated our calls; but, whether they were or were not heard, they were not answered. We ventured, however, to quicken our pace; for we continued, at intervals, to catch the light.

Presently, we saw the light no more; and a considerable time again elapsed, which was spent in wandering as this or that supposition directed us; till at last, suddenly

suddenly and very unexpectedly, we perceived lines and forms, that convinced us they appertained to some house, or mansion; and, as it appeared to us, a large one. We approached it, examined, shouted, ~~and~~ endeavoured to discover which was the entrance. But all was still, all dark, all closed.

We continued our search on the outside; till, at length, we came to a large gate that was open; which we entered, and proceeded to some distance till we arrived at a door, that evidently belonged to an out-house or detached building. It was shut; and, feeling about, we found that the key was in the lock. We had little hesitation in profiting by the accident. We had been shelterless too long, and the circumstances pleaded too powerfully, for us to indulge any scruples; and accordingly we entered.

We had no sooner put our heads within the door but we found ourselves assaulted with a smell, or rather stench,
so

so intolerable as almost to drive us back : but the fury of the elements, and perhaps the less delicate organs of Clarke, who seemed determined to profit by the shelter we had obtained, induced us to brave an inconvenience which, though excessively offensive at first, became less the longer we continued.

Groping about, we discovered some barrels, and lumber ; behind which there was straw. Here we determined to lie down ; and rest our bruised and aching bones. Our cloaths had been drenched and dried more than once, in the course of the night ; and they were at present neither wet nor dry.

We had scarcely nestled together in our straw, before we again heard the yelping of the cur, and presently afterward the same dismal howls repeated. To these, at no great distance, succeeded the shrill whistling signals. Our imaginations had been so highly wrought up that they were apt at horrible conjectures ;

conjectures; and, for my part, my own was at that moment very busily employed in conjuring them up.

In the very midst of this activity, we heard the voices of men, walking round the building. They again whistled, with a piercing shrillness; and, though we heard nothing distinctly, yet we caught tones that were coarse, rude, and savage; and words, that denoted anger and anxiety, for the perpetration of some dark purpose no doubt corresponding to the fierce and threatening sounds we heard.

They approached. One of them had a lanthorn. He came up to the door; and, finding it open, boisterously shut it; with a broad and bitter curse against the carelessness of some man, whose name he pronounced, for leaving it open; and eternally damning others, for being so long in doing their business.

We were now locked in; and we soon heard no more of the voices.

In

In spite of all these alarms, the moment they ceased our condition, comparing it with the tempest and difficulties without, seemed to be much bettered ; and we once more prepared ourselves for sleep, while fear gave place to fatigue.

Our rest was of short duration. We began indeed to slumber ; but I was presently disturbed by Clarke, whom I found shaking in the most violent agitation and horror that I ever witnessed in any human being.

I asked " what is the matter ? "

He replied with a groan !

I was awakened from wild slumbers of my own, and strongly partook of his sensations ; but endeavoured however to rouse him to speech, and recollection. Again and again I asked " what have you heard ? What ails you ? "

It was long before he could utter an articulate sound. At last, shaking more violently as he spoke, and with inexpressible

fible horror in his voice, he gasping said
— “A dead hand!”—

“Where?”—

“I felt it!—I had hold of it!—It is
now at my neck.”

For a moment I paused: not daring
to stretch out my arm, and examine. I
trembled in sympathy with him. At
length I ventured.

Never shall I forget the sensation I
experienced, when, to my full conviction,
I actually felt a cold, dead, hand, between
my fingers!

I was suffocated with horror! I strug-
gled to overcome it: again it seized me;
and I sunk half entranced!

At this very instant, the shrill sound of
the whistle rung, piercing, through the
dismal place in which we were imprison-
ed. It was answered. The same hoarse
voices once more were heard: but in
tones fifty fold more dire.

One terror combated the other, and
we

we were recalled to some sense of distinguishing and understanding. We lay silent, not daring to breathe, when we heard the door unlock. Our feelings will not readily be conceived, while the following dialogue passed.

“What a damned while you have kept us waiting, such a night as this!”

“What ails the night? It is a special good night, for our trade.”

“What the devil have you been about?”

“About? Doing our business, to be sure: and doing it to some purpose, I tell you. Is not the night as bad for us as for you? Who had the best of it, do you think? What had you to do, but to keep on the scout?”

“How came you to leave the door open, and be d—mn’d to you?”

“Who left the door open, Jack Dingyface? We left the key in it, indeed; for such lubbers as you to pass in
and

and out : while we had all the work to do, and all the danger to boot."

" Who do you call lubber, Bull-calf ? We have had as much to do as yourselves. There has been an alarm given ; for we have heard noises and hallooing all night. For my part, I don't much like it. We shall be smoked : nay it is my belief we are already ; and I have a great mind to decamp, and leave the country."

" You are always in a panic. Who is to smoke us ?"

" Well, mark my words, it will come upon us when we least think of it."

" Think of —— ! Hold up the lantern. Come, heave in the sack—We were d—mn'd fools, fortaking such a hen-hearted fellow among us. Lift the sack an end. Why don't you lend a hand, and keep it steady, while I untie it ? Do you think a dead man can stand on his legs ?

legs? D—mn my body, the fool is afraid he should bite."

"You are a hardened dog, Randal, bl—ft me!"

"Come, tumble the body out. Lay hold! Here! Heave this way. So: that will do. We may leave him. He will not run away. His journey is over. He will travel no farther, to-night. He can't say however but we have provided him with a lodging."

"D—mn me, where do you expect to go to?"

"To bed. It's high time."

"I never heard such a dare devil dog in all my life!"

"Don't let that trouble you; for you will never be like me."

"What is that?"

"What is what?"

"I saw a head."

"Where?"

"Behind

"Behind the tub."

"What then? Is there any wonder in seeing a head, or a body either, in this place?"

"Nay, but, a living head!"

"A living afs!"

"I am sure, I saw the eyes move."

"Ah! white-livered lout! I wonder what the devil made such a quaking pudding poltroon think of taking to our trade! Come: I am hungry: let us go into the kitchen, and get some grub; and then to bed. Pimping Simon, here, will see his grandmother's ghost, if we stay five minutes longer."

CHAP. VIII.

THE SCENE CONTINUED; AND OUR TERRORS INCREASED. AN INTERESTING DIALOGUE, THAT UNRAVELS THE MYSTERY. THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

HERE to our infinite ease they quitted us, went through an inner door that led to the house, locked it after them, and left us, not only with the dead hand, not only with the dead body, but in the most dismal human slaughter-house that murder and horror ever constructed, or ever conceived. Such were our impressions: and such, under the same circumstances, they would have been, perhaps, of the bravest man, or man-killer, that ever existed. Alexander and Cæsar themselves would have shook, lying as we lay, hearing what we heard, and seeing what we saw: for, by the light of the lanthorn, we beheld limbs, and

and bones, and human skeletons, on every side of us. I repeat : horror had nothing to add.

The dancing lights we had seen, the shrill signals and the dreadful howls that we had heard, were now no longer thought mysterious. It was no *ignis fatuus* ; but the lanthorn of these assassins : no dog or wolf, baying the moon ; but the agonizing yells of murder !

The men were four in number. The idea of attacking them several times suggested itself. Nor was it so much overpowered by the apprehension of the arms with which I concluded such men must be provided, as that my mind was rendered irresolute by the dreadful pictures, real and imaginary, which had passed through my mind.

Clarke, brave as he was, had lost all his intrepidity in this golgotha, this place of skulls ; the very scent of which, knowing whence it proceeded, was abhorrent.

No : it was not their arms, nor their numbers, but these fears that induced me, when he that saw my eyes move was in danger of giving the alarm, to close them ; and, profiting by the fellow's sympathetic terror, counterfeited the death by which I was environed.

Here then we were. And must we here remain ? To sleep was impossible. Must we rise and grapple with the dead ; trample on their limbs, and stumble over their unearthed bones, in endeavouring to get out ?

Neither could we tell what new horrors were in store for us. Who had not heard of trap doors, sliding wainscots, and other murderous contrivances ? And could they be now forgotten ? Impossible. All the phantoms memory could revive, or fancy could create, were realized and assembled.

Of the two, I certainly had more the use of my understanding than Clarke ;
but

but I was so absorbed, in the terrors which assailed me, on every side, that I was intent on them only; and forgot, while the lanthorn glimmered its partial and dull rays, to consider the geography of the place; or to plan the means of escape, till the moment the men were departing; when I caught a glimpse of what I imagined to be a window facing me.

As soon as our fears would permit us, we began, in low and cautious whispers, to communicate our thoughts. Clarke was pertinaciously averse to rise, and hurtle in the dark with the bones of the dead. By the intervening medium of the straw, he had pushed away the terrific hand; and was determined, he said, to lie still; till day-light should return, and prevent him from treading, at random, on the horrible objects around him; or stumbling over and being stretched upon a corpse.

I had as little inclination to come in contact with dead hands, cadaverous bodies, and dissevered joints, as he could have ; yet was too violently tormented to remain quiet, and suffer myself to be preyed on by my imagination. Had I resigned myself to it, without endeavouring to relieve it by action, it would have driven me frantic. I half rose, sat considering, ventured to feel round me and shrunk back with inexpressible terror, from the first object that I touched. Again I ruminated, again ventured to feel, and again and again shivered with horrible apprehensions.

Use will reconcile us to all situations. Experience corrects fear, emboldens ignorance, and renders desire adventurous. The builder will walk without dread on the ridge of a house : while the timid spectator standing below is obliged to turn his eyes away, or tumble headlong down and be dashed to pieces in imagination.

nation. Repeated trials had a similar effect on me: they rendered me more hardy; and I proceeded, as nearly as I could guess, toward the window; touching, treading on, and encountering, I knew not what; subject, every moment, to new starts of terror; and my heart now sinking, now leaping, as the sudden freaks and frights of fancy seized upon me.

After the departure of the desperadoes, we had heard various noises, in the adjoining house; among others the occasional ringing of a chamber bell. While I was thus endeavouring to explore my way, arrested by terror at every step, as I have been describing, we again heard sounds that approached more nearly; and presently the inner-door once more opened, and a livery servant, bearing two lighted candles, came in; followed by a man with an apron tied round

him, having a kind of bib up to his chin, and linen sleeves drawn over his coat.

The master, for so he evidently was, had a meagre, wan, countenance; and a diminutive form. The servant had evidently some trepidation.

“Do not be afraid, Matthew,” said the master. “You will soon be accustomed to it; and you will then laugh at your present timidity. Unless you conquer your fears, you will not be able to obey my directions, in assisting me; and consequently will not be fit for your place; and you know you cannot get such good wages in any other.”

“I will do my best, sir,” said the servant: “but I can’t say but, for the first time, it is a little frightful.”

“Mere prejudice, Matthew. I am studying to gain knowledge, which will be serviceable to mankind: and that you must perceive will be doing good.”

“Yes,

"Yes, sir."

"Reach me those instruments—Now, lift up the body; and turn the head a little this way—Why do you tremble? Are you afraid of the dead?"

"Not much, sir."

"Lift boldly, then."

"Yes, sir."

As the servant turned round, half stupefied with his fears, he beheld me standing with my eyes fixed, watchful and listening with my whole soul, for the interpretation of these enigmas. The man flared, gaped, turned pale, and at last dropped down; overcome with his terrors.

The master was amazed; and, perceiving which way the servant's attention had been directed, looked round. His eye caught mine. He stood motionless. His pale face assumed a death-like hue; and, for a few moments, he seemed to want the power of utterance.

Clarke had remained, astonished and confounded, a silent spectator of the scene. But there was now light; and, though the objects of horror were multiplied in reality, they were less numerous to the imagination. Seeing the fear of the servant, observing his fall, and remarking the gentle and feeble appearance of the master, armed though he was with murderous instruments, Clarke was now rising; determined to come to action. His proceeding disturbed our mutual amazement. He was on his legs; and, as I perceived, advancing with hostile intentions.

The dialogue I had heard, and the objects which I had distinctly seen and examined, had, by this time, unravelled the whole mystery. I discovered that we were in the dissecting-room of an anatomist. Clarke was clenching his fist and preparing to direct a blow at the operator; and I had but just time to step forward,

ward, arrest his arm, and impede its progress. "Be quiet," said I, "Clarke; we have been mistaken."

"For God's sake, who are you, gentlemen?" said the owner of the mansion: recovered in part from his apprehensions, by my pacific interference.

"We are benighted travellers, sir," answered I; "who got entrance into this place by accident; and have ourselves been suffering under false, but excessive, fear. Pray, sir, be under no alarm; for we are far from intending you injury."

He made no immediate reply, and I continued.

"Fear, I find, though she has indeed a most active fancy, has no understanding: otherwise, among the innumerable conjectures with which my brain has been busied within this hour, the truth would certainly have suggested itself. But, instead of supposing I was transported to the benignant regions of science, I

E 5 thought

thought myself certain of being in the purlieus of the damned ; in the very den of murder."

My language, manner, and tone of voice, relieved him from all alarm ; and he said, with a smile, " This is a very whimsical accident."

" You would think so, indeed, sir," replied I, " if you knew but half of the horrible images on which we have been dreaming. But it was distress that drove us to take shelter here ; and if there be any village, or if not, even any barn, in which we could take a little rest till daylight, we should be exceedingly obliged to you for that kind assistance which, from your love of science, and from the remarks I have heard you make to your servant, I am persuaded, you will be very willing to afford."

By this time, the servant was recovered from his fright ; and on his legs. " Go, Matthew," said the master, " and call

call up one of the maids." And turning to me he added, "Be kind enough to follow me, sir, with your companion. I doubt if you could procure either lodging or refreshment, within three miles of the place; and I shall therefore be very happy in supplying you with both."

We obeyed; I highly delighted with the benevolent and hospitable manner of our host; and Clarke most glad to escape, from a scene which no explanation had yet reconciled to his feelings, or notions of good and evil.

CHAP. IX.

A REVIEW OF EMOTIONS AND MISTAKES. REPOSE AFTER FATIGUE. SINGULAR THOUGHTS CONCERNING PROPERTY. BENEVOLENCE ON A LARGE SCALE. A PROPOSAL ACCEPTED; WHICH GREATLY ALTERS THE FACE OF AFFAIRS. SKETCHES OF WAR. THE HERO. THE RAPTURES OF A POET. PROJECTS AND OPINIONS, RELATIVE TO LAW. THOUGHTS ON THE SCIENCE OF SURGERY.

IN the relation of this adventure, I have given a picture, not of things as they were afterward discovered to be, but, as they appeared to us at the time; reflected through the medium of consternation and terror. We had been powerfully prepared for these, by the previous circumstances. Our imaginations had been strongly preyed upon by our distress, by the accidents of falling, and by the mingled noises we had heard: proceeding from the church-yard robbers, from the village-

village-dogs and curs disturbed by them and us, and from the whistling, roaring and howling which are so common to high gusts of wind; and so almost distracting to a mind already in a state of visionary deception and alarm. There was indeed enough to excite that wild and uncontrollable dread, which rushed upon us every moment. Mingled as they were with darkness, ignorance, and confusion, the succeeding objects were actually horrible.

Thus the discourse and dialect, as well as the voices, of the men employed to furnish dead bodies, were gross and rude; and the timidity and prejudices of those, who probably were young in the employment, contrasted with the jokes, vulgar sarcasms, and oaths, of the boisterous and hardened adepts, though habitual to such people, gave a colouring to the preceding circumstances, that so confirmed and realized our fears as not to allow us
the

the leisure to doubt. To repeat such coarse colloquies and vulgar ribaldry is no pleasing task ; except as a history of the manners of such men, and of the emotions with which on this occasion they were accompanied. These indeed made the repetition necessary.

It is likewise true that, in their own opinion, these men were more or less criminal : and guilt always assumes an audacity, and fierceness, which it does not feel. They were not intentionally acting well : but were doing that which they supposed to be a deed of desperate wickedness, for selfish purposes. Had the consent of any one of them when dying been asked, to have his body dug up and dissected, he would have heard the proposal with detestation. Consequently, they deceived us the more effectually : for they had the manners of that guilt which, as far as intention was concerned, they actually possessed.

Add

Add to this the spectacle of a dissecting-room ; seen indistinctly by the partial glimmerings of a lanthorn. Whoever has been in such a place will recognise the picture. Here preparations of arms, pendent in rows, with the vessels injected. There legs, feet, and other limbs. In this place the intestines : in that membranes, cartilages, muscles, with the bones and all their varieties of clothing, in every imaginary mangled form. These things ought not to be terrible : but to persons of little reflection, and not familiarized to them, they always are.

Escaped from this scene, restored as it were to human intercourse, and encouraged by the kindness of our host, whose name was Evelyn, our pulse began to grow temperate ; and our imaginations to relax and gravitate toward common sense. We took the refreshment that was brought us, and conversed during
the

the meal with Mr. Evelyn : partly on the incidents of the night, and partly in answering a few questions ; which he put with a feeling that denoted a desire rather to afford us aid than to gratify his own curiosity. After which, as we were weary and he disposed to pursue his nocturnal researches, we immediately retired to rest. Clarke was full to overflowing with cogitation : but, for the present, it was too large, or rather too confused, for utterance ; and it soon overpowered and sunk him into sleep.

For my own part, my mind was too much alive to be immediately overcome by fatigue. I lay revolving in thought the incidents of the night ; which led me into reveries on the singular character of Mr. Evelyn, on my own forlorn state, on the bleak prospect before me, and on Olivia.

This last train of thinking was not easily dismissed. At length, however, both
mind

mind and body were so overwearied that I fell into an unusually profound sleep; from which I did not awake till Clarke, who had risen two hours before, came between nine and ten o'clock and roused me, to inform me that breakfast was waiting, and that our host expected my company.

While I was dressing, he told me that Mr. Evelyn had been making many enquiries concerning me; and apologized himself, with marks of apprehension lest he should have done wrong, while he owned that he had answered these interrogatories, by relating such particulars as he knew.

We then went down; and, among other conversation at breakfast, Mr. Evelyn remarked that he understood, from Clarke, we had no urgent business, which would make a day sooner or a day later of any material consequence; and he therefore particularly requested we would
delay

delay our departure till the next morning. The reason he gave was a kind expression of interest, which what he had heard from my companion had excited ; and a desire, not of inquisitive prying but evidently of benevolence, to be as fully informed of my history as I should think proper to make him.

There was something soothing both in the request and in his manner, which induced me to readily comply. Poor Clarke excepted, I seemed as if no human being took any concern in my fate ; and to discover that there was yet a man who was capable of sympathizing with me was like filling a painful vacancy of the heart, and afforded something of an incoherent hope of relief.

Not that I was prepared to ask or even to accept favours. I had rather entertained a kind of indignant sense of injury, against any one who should presume to make me his debtor : or to suppose I was incapable

pable of not rather enduring all extremities than so to subject and degrade myself as, in my own apprehension, I should do by any such condescension.

After breakfast, Mr. Evelyn desired me to walk with him; that we might converse the more freely when alone. He then repeated what Clarke had told him, gave a strong and affecting picture of the overflowing kindness and compassion with which my companion had related all he knew, and proceeded afterward to speak of himself in the following terms.

“ I am a man, Mr. Trevor, engaged in a trust which I find it very difficult conscientiously to discharge. I have an estate of fifteen hundred a year, and am a creature whose real wants, like those of other human creatures, are few. I live here surrounded by some hundreds of acres; stored with fruits, corn, and cattle; which the laws and customs of nations call mine. But what is it that these
laws

laws and customs mean ? That I am to devour the whole produce of this much land ? The thing is impossible !”

“ Why impossible ? You may convert a hundred head of oxen into a service of gold plate. Liveries, laces, equipage, gilding, garnishing, and ten thousand other modes or fashionable wants, which if not gratified render those that have them miserable, would eat up all that ten thousand acres, if you had them, could yield. Are you an Epicure ? You may so stew, distill, and titillate your palate with essences that a hecatomb shall be swallowed at every meal. The means of devouring are innumerable, and justified by general usage.”

“ General usage may be an apology, but not a justification. Happiness is the end of man : but it cannot be single. On the contrary, the more beings are happy the greater is the individual happiness of each : for each is a being of sympathies,
and

and affections; which are increased by being called into action. It is the miserable mechanism of society which, by giving legal possession of what is called property to the holders, puts it absolutely and unconditionally in their disposal."

"Why the miserable mechanism? Are you a friend to the Agrarian system?"

"By no means. I was incorrect: The mechanism is defective enough, but I rather meant to have said the miserable moral system of society; which allows every man to exercise his own caprice, and thinks him guilty of no crime though he is in the daily habit of wasting that which might render numbers happy, who are in absolute want."

"This is an evil of which the world has for ages been complaining: but for which I see no remedy."

"You mean no remedy which laws or governments, by the inflicting of pains and

and penalties, can afford : at which, to do them justice, they have been much too often aiming ; but have as continually failed."

" And you imagine, sir, you are possessed of a more effectual prescription ?

" I dare not prescribe : it would be an arrogant assumption of wisdom. But I may advise a regimen which has numerous probabilities in its favour. Yet what I must advise has been so many thousand times advised before that it seems impertinence to repeat it ; if not mockery. To tell the rich that they seek enjoyment where it is not to be found, that the parade by which they torment themselves to gain distinction renders them supremely ridiculous, that their follies, while they are oppressive and hateful to the poor, are the topics of contempt and scandal even in their own circles, and that the repetition of them inevitably proves that they bring

bring weariness, disgust, ruin, pain, and every human misery, is mere commonplace declamation.

“ But there is one truth of which they have not been sufficiently reminded. They are not, as they have too long been taught to suppose themselves, placed beyond the censure of the multitude. It is found that the multitude can think, and have discovered that the use the wealthy too often make of what they call their own is unjust, tyrannical, and destructive.

“ This memento will come to them with the greater force the oftener they are made to recollect that the spirit of enquiry is abroad, that their voluptuous waste is daily becoming more odious, and that simplicity of manners, a benevolent œconomy, a vigorous munificence, and a comprehensive philanthropy, can alone redeem them; and preserve that social order which every lover
of

of the human race delights to contemplate, but of which they arrogate to themselves the merit of being the sole advocates.

“ It is the moral system of society that wants reform. This cannot be suddenly produced, nor by the efforts of any individual: but it may be progressive, and every individual may contribute: though some much more powerfully than others. The rich, in proportion as they shall understand this power and these duties, will become peculiarly instrumental: for poverty, by being subjected to continual labour, is necessarily ignorant; and it is well known how dangerous it is for ignorance to turn reformer.

“ Let the rich therefore awake: let them encourage each other to quit their pernicious frivolities, and to enquire, without fear or prejudice, how they may secure tranquillity and promote happiness; and let them thus avert those miseries at
which

which they so loudly and so bitterly rail, but into which by their conduct a majority of them is so ready to plunge.

“The intentions of those among them who think the most are excellent: to assert the contrary is equally false and absurd. But, when they expect to promote peace and order by irritating each other against this or that class of men, however mistaken those men may be, and by disseminating a mutual spirit of acrimony between themselves and their opponents, they act like madmen; and, if they do not grow calm, forgiving, and kind, the increasing fury of the mad many will overtake them.”

“They are like the brethren of Dives. they pay but little regard to Moses and the prophets.”

“Well, Mr. Trevor, you will own at least that, since I can talk with all this seeming wisdom, a small share of the prac-

tice will be becoming in me ; and what you and all mankind would expect."

"I may : but not all mankind. There are some who pretend to be so learned, in what they call the depravity of human nature, that, after having heard you speak thus admirably in favour of virtue, they would think it more than an equal chance that you are one of the wickedest of men."

"Oh, with respect to that, some of my very neighbours do not scruple to affirm that I am so. But, I repeat, I have what I consider as a large estate in trust ; and it is a serious and a sacred duty imposed upon me to seek how it may be best employed. I seldom am satisfied with the means which offer themselves ; and am therefore always in quest of new."

"I wonder at that, sir, with your system. Have you no poor in the country ?"

"O yes : enough to grieve any penetrable heart. But I know no task more difficult

difficult than that of administering to their wants, without encouraging their vices. Of these wants I consider instruction as the greatest ; and to that I pay the greatest attention. Food, cloathing, and disease are imperious necessities ; and to leave them unprovided would be guilt incredible to speculation, did we not see it in hourly practice. But the poor are so misled, by the opinions they are taught to hold and the oppressions to which they are subject, that, by relieving these most urgent wants we are in danger of teaching them idleness, drunkenness, and servility. I do them the little good that I can, most willingly : but I consider the diffusion of knowledge, by which that which I call the moral system of mankind is to be improved, as the most effectual means of conferring happiness. Are you of that opinion ?”

“ I certainly am.”

F 2

“ Then

"Then I cannot but think you intend to promote this beneficial plan."

"I scarcely know my own intentions. They are unsettled, incoherent, and the dreams of delirium; rather than the system of a sage, such as you have imagined."

"I wish we had been longer acquainted and were intimate enough to induce you to relate your history, and confide your thoughts to me, as to a friend; or, if you please, as to one who holds it a duty to offer aid, whenever he imagines it will answer a good end."

"To offer aid is kind: but there are very few cases in which he that receives it is not mean and degraded. You however are actuated by a generous spirit; and, as you are inclined to listen, I will very willingly inform you of the chief incidents of a life that has already been considerably checkered, and the future

ture prospects of which are sufficiently gloomy."

After this preface, I began my narrative; and succinctly related the principal of those events with which the reader already is acquainted. Nor did the state of my feelings and the strong sense of injury which was ever present to my imagination, when I came to recapitulate my adventures since I first left college, suffer me to colour with a negligent or a feeble hand.

Some of the incidents necessarily induced me to mention Olivia, and betray my sentiments in part: which the questions of Mr. Evelyn, put with kindness, delicacy, and interest that was evidently unaffected, induced me at length wholly to reveal, with all the tenderness and the vehemence of passion.

I was encouraged or rather impelled to this confidence by the emotions which Mr. Evelyn betrayed, in his countenance,

voice, and manner. His hopes, his fears, and his affections, were so much in unison with my own, his eye so often glistened and his cheek so frequently glowed, that it was impossible for the heart not to open all its recesses, and pour out not only its complaints but its very follies.

Of all the pleasures in which the soul of man most delights that of sympathy is surely the chief. It can unite and mingle not only two but ten millions of spirits as one. Could a world be spectators of the sorrows of Lear, a world would with one consent participate in them : so omnipotent is the power of sympathy. It is the consolation of poverty, it is the cordial of friendship, it is the essence of love. Pride and suspicion are its chief enemies ; and they are the vices that engender the most baneful of the miseries of man.

Mr. Evelyn remained, after I had ended, for some time in deep meditation ;

now

now and then casting his eyes toward me and then taking them away, as if fearful of offending my sensibility and again falling into thought. At length, fixing them more firmly and with an open benignity of countenance, he thus broke silence.

“I have been devising, my noble young friend, allow me to call you so, by what means I should best make myself understood to you ; and how most effectually prevail on you to contribute to my happiness, and to those great ends for which souls of ardour like yours are so highly gifted. I have already sketched my principles, concerning the use and abuse of property. One of those rare occasions on which it may be excellently employed now presents itself. You are in pursuit of science, by which a world is to be improved. To the best of my ability I follow the same track : but I have the means, which you want. You have too little : I have too much. It is my pro-

vince, and, if you consent, as I hope and trust you will, it will be my supreme pleasure to supply the deficiency. I am acquainted with the delicacy of your sentiments: but I am likewise acquainted with the expansion of your heart, and with its power of rising superior to the false distinctions which at present regulate society. I might assume the severe tone of the moralist, and urge your compliance with my request as a duty: but I would rather indulge what may perhaps be the foible of immature virtue, and follow the affectionate impulse which binds me to you as my friend and brother. Beside these are vibrations with which I am persuaded your warm and kindred heart will more readily harmonize. In youth, we willingly obey impetuous sensations: but reluctantly listen to the slow and frigid deductions of reason, when they are in contradiction to our habits and prejudices. I therefore repeat,

repeat, you are my friend and brother; and I conjure you, by those generous and magnanimous feelings of which your whole life proves you are so eminently susceptible, not to wound me by refusal. Do not consider me as the acquaintance of a day; for, by hearing your history, I have travelled with you through life, and seem as if I had been the inmate of your bosom even from your years of infancy. No: far from being strangers, we have been imbibing similar principles, similar views, and similar affections. Our souls have communed for years, and rejoice that the time at length is come in which that individual intercourse for which they may most justly be said to have panted is opened. If you object, if you hesitate, if you suspect me, you will annihilate the purest sensations which these souls have mutually cherished: you will wrong both yourself and me."

There was an emanating fervor in the

look, deportment, and the very gestures, of Mr. Evelyn that was irresistible. It surpassed his language. It led me out of myself. It hurried me beyond the narrow limits of prejudices and prepossessions, and transported me wherever it pleased. I was no longer in mortal society; surrounded by selfishness, cunning, and cowardly suspicions. He had borne me on his wings, and seated me among the Gods; whose ministers were wisdom and beneficence. I burst into exclamation.

“I own it, you are my friend! you are my brother! I accept your offers, I will receive your benefits, but I will retaliate.”

I paused. I felt the egotism of my own thoughts, but could not subdue the torrent. I continued inwardly to vow, with the most vehement asseverations, that I would repay every mark of kindness he should bestow fifty fold. The heart

heart of man will not rest satisfied with inferiority, and has recourse to a thousand stratagems, a thousand deceptions, to relieve itself of any such doubts; which it entertains with impatience, and pain.

My own enthusiasm however was soon inclined to subside; and I became ready to tax myself with that meanness and degradation which I had felt, and expressed, at the beginning of the discussion. Of this the quick penetration of Mr. Evelyn seemed to be aware; and he so effectually counteracted these emotions that, at length, I abandoned all thoughts of resistance; or of betraying those jealousies which would now have appeared almost insulting, to a man who had displayed a spirit so disinterested.

This subject being as it were dismissed, our conversation recurred to my present affairs, and future prospects; and, while we discoursed on these, that which might

well at this period be called the malady of my mind exhibited itself. Though I had as it were lost sight of Olivia, though I knew not but she might at that time be a wife, and though, whatever her condition might be, I had sufficient reason to fear that if she thought of me it was with pain, not with love, still that she must and should be mine was a kind of frantic conclusion with which I always consoled myself. But for this purpose riches presented themselves as of the first necessity; and riches themselves would be useless, unless obtained with the rapidity rather of enchantment than by the ordinary progress of human events.

I did not conceal this weakness from my friend, and ventured to propose a plan on which I had previously been ruminating; though I had foreseen no means of putting it in practice. Every man had heard of the fortunes acquired in the east, and of the wealth which had been
been

been poured from the lap of India. The army there was at all times open to men like myself; youthful, healthy, and of education. 'Tis true I had been of opinion that there were strong moral objections to this profession: but these my more prevalent passions had lulled me into a forgetfulness of, and I stated this as the most probable scheme for the accomplishment of my dearest hopes.

Mr. Evelyn, anxious not to wound me where I was most vulnerable, began by soothing my ruling passion; and then proceeded to detail the physical chances of a ruined constitution, of death, and of failure; and afterward to represent, with unassuming but with stedfast energy, the moral turpitude first of subjecting myself to the physical evils he had recited, and next of hiring myself to enmity against nations I had never known, and of becoming the assassin of people whom I had never seen, and who had not had any possible

possible opportunity of doing me an injury, or even of giving me an offence.

The objections I started, partly to defend the opinions I had begun with, and partly because I felt myself loth to relinquish a plan by which my imagination had been flattered, soon became very feeble : but the interesting nature of the subject prolonged the discussion till it was nearly dinner time.

In the course of this enquiry, Mr. Evelyn delineated the contemptible yet ridiculous arts which are employed to entrap men into the military service ; portrayed the inevitable depravity of their morals, and gave a history of the feelings worthy of fiends which are engendered, while they are trained to fix their bayonets, load their pieces, level them, discharge them at men they had never seen before, strike off the heads of these strangers with furious dexterity, stab the ground in full gallop on which they are
supposed

supposed to have fallen and to lie helpless, and commit habitual and innumerable murders in imagination, that they may be hardened for actual slaughter.

He afterward gave an enlightened and animated sketch of the abject condition of those who command these men, of the total resignation which each makes of his understanding to that of the next in rank above him, and of the arrogant, the ignorant, the turbulent, the dangerous and the slavish spirit which this begets. He finished the picture with a recapitulation of the innumerable and horrid miseries which everlastingly mark the progress of war; which he painted with such force and truth that I recoiled from the contemplation of it with abhorrence.

My feelings had been so agitated by this discourse that my imagination was thoroughly roused. My former ideas, concerning the enormous vices of war, had not only been revived but increased; and,

and, though I began with debating the question, I soon ceased to oppose : so that my thoughts were rather busied in filling up the picture, and collecting all its horrors, than in apologizing for or denying their existence. This was the temper of mind in which Mr. Evelyn, attending to his own concerns, left me for a short time ; and my heart was so agonized by the recollection that this was a system to which men were still devoted, and of which they were still in the headlong and hot pursuit, that I then immediately, and perhaps with less effort than I ever made on a similar occasion, produced the following poem :

THE

THE HERO.

ALL hail to the hero whom victory leads,
Triumphant, from fields of renown !
From kingdoms left barren ! from plains drench'd
in blood !
And the sacking of many a fair town !

His gore-dripping sword shall hang high in the hall ;
Revered for the havoc it spread !
For the deaths it has dealt ! for the terrors it struck !
And the torrents of blood it has shed !

His banners in haughty procession shall ride,
On Jehovah's proud altars unfurl'd !
While anthems and priests waft to heaven his praise,
For the slaughter and wreck of a world !

Though widows and orphans together shall crowd,
To gaze as at heaven's dread rod,
And mutter their curses, and mingle their tears,
Invoking the vengeance of God :

Though, while bloated Revelry roars at his board,
Where surfeiting hecatombs fume,
Desolation and Famine shall howl, and old Earth
Her skeleton hordes shall intomb :

All

All ghastly and mangled, from fields where they fell,
With horrible groanings and cries,
What though, when he slumbers, the dead from their
graves
In dread visitation shall rise :

Yet he among heroes exalted shall sit ;
And slaves to his splendor shall bend ;
And senates shall echo his virtues ; and kings
Shall own him their saviour, and friend !

Then hail to the hero whom victory leads,
Triumphant, from fields of renown !
From kingdoms left barren ! from plains drench'd in
blood !
And the sacking of many a fair town !

I was too full of my subject, and poet
like too much delighted with the verses I
had so suddenly produced, not to shew
them immediately to Mr. Evelyn.

He seemed to do them even more
than justice : he read them again and
again, and each time with a feeling now
of compassion, now of amazement, and
now of horror, that shewed how strongly
the

the picture had seized upon his soul. The associations of misery which his imagination added were so forcible that tears repeatedly rolled down his cheeks. To this more soothing train of thought succeeded. The pain of the past and the present was alleviated by a prospect of futurity. Our minds rose to a state of mutual rapture, excited by a foresight that the time was at length come in which men were awakening to a comprehensive view of their own mad and destructive systems; that their vices began to be on the decline and no longer to be mistaken for the most splendid virtues, as they had formerly been; and that truth was breaking forth upon the world with most animating force and vigour.

There have been few moments of my life in which I have experienced intellectual enjoyment with a pleasure so exquisite. Clarke himself, unused as his thoughts had been to explore the future and wrest happiness to themselves by anticipation,

ticipation, partook of our emotions ; and seemed in a state similar to those religious converts who imagine they feel that a new light is broke in upon them. It was a happy afternoon ! It was a type of those which shall hereafter be the substitutes of the wretched resources of drinking, obscene conversation, and games of chance, to which men have had recourse that they might rouse their minds : being rather willing to suffer the extremes of misery than that dullness, and inanity, which they find still more insupportable.

This incident united me and Mr. Evelyn more intimately, and powerfully, than all that had passed. The warmth with which he spoke, of the benefits that society must receive from talents like mine, dilated my heart. Every man is better acquainted with his own powers and virtues than any other can possibly be ; and, when they are discovered, acknowledged, and applauded, instead of being denied or overlooked as is more generally

generally the case, the pleasure he receives is as great as it is unusual.

Our conversation after dinner reverted to the plans I was to pursue. The law necessarily came under consideration; and Mr. Evelyn, not having considered the subject under the same points of view as Turl had done, was strongly in favour of that profession. He foresaw in me a future Judge, whose integrity should benefit and whose wisdom should enlighten mankind. He conceived there could be no function more honourable, more sacred, or more beneficial. An upright judge, with his own passions and prejudices subdued, attentive to the principles of justice by which alone the happiness of the world can be promoted, and by the rectitude of his decisions affording precedent and example to future generations, he considered as a character that must command the reverence and love of the human race.

My imagination while he spoke was
not

not idle. It helped to fill up the picture. It placed me on the judgment seat. It gave me the penetration of Solomon, the benevolence of Zaleucus, and the legislative soul of Alfred. As usual, it overstepped the probable with wonderful ease and celerity. Not only the objections of Turl disappeared, but the jargon of the law, its voluminous lumber with which I had been disgusted when reading the civilians at college, and all my other doubts and disgusts, vanished.

Our inquiries accordingly ended with a determination that I should continue my journey to town, should keep my terms at the Temple, and should place myself, as is customary, under one of the most eminent barristers.

This necessarily brought me to consider the expence; and the moment that subject recurred I felt all the pain which could not but assault a mind like mine. I had nurtured, not only the haughtiness of independance, but the supposition that,

in my own extraordinary powers and gifts, I possessed innumerable resources; and, at moments, had encouraged those many extravagant flights with which the reader is already well acquainted.

However, after all that had passed, and for the reasons that had been sufficiently urged, I found it necessary to submit: though by the concession my soul seemed to be subdued, and its faculties to be shrunk and half withered. It was an oppressive sensation that could not be shaken off, yet that must be endured. Such at least was my present conclusion.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Evelyn at my request stated his reasons for pursuing his own course of studies; and instanced a variety of facts which convinced me of the benefits to be derived from the science of surgery, of the rash conclusions to which modern theorists and enquirers have been led, and of the necessity there is that some practitioner, equally well informed with themselves

selves but aware of the evil of false deductions, should demonstrate the mischief of hasty assertion, and that things which are only conjectural ought not to be given as indubitable.

Of this nature he considered their hypotheses relating to the brain, the nervous system, the lymphatic fluid, and other subjects; concerning which many curious but hitherto equivocal facts have been the discovery of modern research.

Mr. Evelyn not only read all the best authors, but went to London, every winter, and assiduously maintained an intercourse with the most able men, attended their lectures, was present at their operations, and fully informed himself of their differences both in opinion and practice.

But his frame was delicate, a too long abode in London always occasioned pulmonary symptoms, and experience taught him that his native air was more healthful and animating than any other. The difficulties attending his studies were
greatly

greatly increased by his residence in the country ; but they were surmounted by his precaution, and by the general favour which his benevolence secured to him among the neighbouring people. Though there were not wanting some who considered him as a very strange, if not a dangerous and a wicked, man.

It is a curious yet an astonishing and an afflicting speculation that men should be most prone to suspect, and hate, those who are most unwearied in endeavouring to remove their evils. That a surgeon must be acquainted with the direction, site, and properties, of the muscles, arteries, ligaments, nerves, and other parts, before he can cut the living body with the least possible injury, and that this knowledge can only be acquired by experience, is a very plain proposition. It is equally self-evident that a dead body is no longer subject to pain ; and that it certainly cannot be more disgraced by

the knife of a surgeon than by the gnawing of worms. When will men shake off their infantine terrors, and their idiot-like prepossessions?

CHAP. X.

THE DEPARTURE. EJACULATIONS. PRESENT PLEASURES AND FUTURE HOPES. A STRANGE DIALOGUE IN THE DARK; AND A GENEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL DEFENDER.

THE pleasure I this day received in the company of Mr. Evelyn was uncommon, the friendship with which he had inspired me was pure, and the respect that my heart paid to his virtues was profound. But eagerness of pursuit was my characteristic. My plan being formed, every moment of delay would have been torment; and he, entering into all my thoughts and sympathising with all my wishes, prompted me to follow my bent.

It

It was therefore agreed that I and my companion should depart by one of the coaches which would pass an inn at some distance in the morning. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to take places in the first vacant coach, arrangements for money-matters were made with every possible delicacy by my friend, the night passed away, day returned, and we departed.

I will leave the reader to image to himself the crowding sensations that pressed upon my heart on this occasion, the tumult of thought which incidents so sudden and unexpected produced, and the feelings which mutually passed between me and my noble benefactor. I shall live, said I, to acknowledge this in my old age. I shall have a story to tell, a man to describe, and a friend to revere, that will astonish and render common hearers incredulous. But this was the language of my heart: not of my tongue.

That was dumb. A pressure of the hand, with eyes averted, was all the utterance I had.

A child and its mother were the only passengers beside ourselves. The coach, which was to be in London at ten that night, rolled along, they were asleep, I was silent, and poor Clarke was full of ejaculation.

“If there be a good man on God’s earth, that gentleman is one ! He will find his road to heaven safe enough ! He will be among the sheep, and sit on the right hand of God ! I hope I shall be in his company ! Though that can’t be. I am unworthy. I may think myself happy to sit far enough lower down. Not that I can say ; for I find the best people have the least pride. Perhaps as it is in earth so it may be in heaven. God send us all safe there together ! For my part, I think that within these few weeks I am a different kind of a creature. But what can

a poor carpenter do ? He must not speak to gentlefolk, unless in the way of his work : so he can have no sociability, but with his poor neighbours. And though some of them to be sure be as good-meaning people as any on earth, they are no better learned than himself : so they can teach him nothing. But I have happened on good luck, so I have no right to complain. And I am very sure, in my own mind, that there is good luck in store for us all : for providence else would not have brought us and guided us where it did, by such marvellous means ; so that, while we thought we were breaking our necks and falling into the hands of murderers, and being frightened out of our senses by the most shocking sights I must say that ever were seen, we were all the while going straight on as fast as we could to good fortune ! So that it is true enough that man is blind, but that God can see."

What pleasure does the mind of man take in solving all its difficulties ! How impatient is it that any thing should remain unexplained ; and how ready to elevate its own ignorance into mystery and miracle !

To have remained longer silent, while the honest heart of my companion was thus overflowing with kindness, would have been no proof of the same excellent and winning quality in myself. I encouraged his hopes, in which I was very ready to participate. My own pleasing dreams revived in full force ; and I presently ranged my cloud-constructed castles, which I built, pulled down and rebuilt with admirable facility, and lorded it over my airy domains at will. 'Tis a folly to rail at these domains ; for there are no earthly abodes that are half so captivating.

Nothing worth mentioning happened on the road till we came to the last stage
but

but one, where we changed horses ; at which time it was quite dark. Our female companion and her child had been set down at Hungerford ; and two new passengers, both ladies, as soon as the horses were put to, were shewn to the carriage.

They had a footman, who mounted the box ; and we soon learned from their discourse that they had been waiting for the nephew of the elder lady, who was to have taken them in his phaeton, but that they had been disappointed. They had been on a visit, and had been brought to Salt-hill in a gentleman's carriage ; which they had sent back. While the coach had stopped, I had fallen into a doze ; but awoke when it began to move again, and when I heard the voices of females conversing.

The old lady spoke most, and complained of the rudeness of her nephew in subjecting them to the inconvenience of

a stage-coach, or of waiting they knew not how long till post-horses should come in, which as they were informed would be tired and unfit for more work : it happening that there was a great run at that time on the Bath road.

The reader will presently understand that they were people of real fashion ; and the eldest lady spoke of persons and things which denoted that high life was familiar to her. This gave Clarke a new opportunity of wondering how he, a poor carpenter, came into such company : which he directly expressed to me, with the simplicity and undisguise that are common to such characters.

The old lady, who had before signified her chagrin at the expedient to which her nephew had reduced her, did not find her pride soothed when she learned that she was in company with carpenters : for it soon appeared that she considered

dered me and my companion as familiar acquaintances of the same rank.

Her young friend was likewise led into this error; and, when the former began to express her disgust too freely to accord with the feelings of the latter, she interrupted her with saying "*Ayez la bonté, madame, de parler François.*" "Be kind enough, madam, to speak French."

The old lady complied; and a conversation ensued which certainly will neither surprise nor move the reader so much as it did me. Should he ask how I, as a man of honor, could suffer them to remain in the deception of imagining I did not understand them, let him wait till he knows enough to surmise what the emotions were that were in a moment kindled in my bosom. At first, indeed, they were but dark and improbable conjectures: but, dark as they were, they shook my whole frame.

The dialogue that ensued soon testified that the old lady was in no very complacent temper of mind. Her beginning sentences expressed dissatisfaction, were sarcastic, and evidently glanced at her young companion, whose replies were mild and conciliating. But, not satisfied with indirect reproach, her assailant, still speaking French, continued her interrogatories to the following effect.

“And are you still determined, Miss, to persist in your obstinate refusal of his lordship?”

“Let me intreat you, dear madam, not to enter on that subject again.”

“Oh, to be sure! You very kindly intreat me to torment myself as much as I please, so that I do not trouble you!”

“How can you, madam, accuse me of such cruelty? Is it just? Am I indeed of such a nature?”

“Yes, indeed are you, Miss: however
you

you may flatter yourself. It is nothing but perversity that can make you trifle with the honor and happiness of your family—Now you are silent! Your fine spirit no doubt disdains to reply!”

“What can I say?”

“Say that you are a headstrong girl; acknowledge your fault, and consent to be the wife of a peer—Silent again!”

“I could wish, madam, not to make you more angry.”

“No, indeed; there is no occasion for that! You have been doing nothing else for many weeks past. For my part, I cannot conceive what your objection can be! Had that desperado been living, for whom since his death you have acknowledged what you call your weak prepossession, I should have known very well to what cause to attribute your stubbornness: but, as it is, I cannot conceive either your motives or your meaning. Nothing however is to be wondered at,

in a young lady of your character. No prudent person would have dared to indulge a thought in favour of a mad adventurer, whose actions were as rash as they were insolent, whose family was mean yet had dared to oppose and even make ridiculous attempts to rival that from which you are descended, and who yet was himself an outcast of that family."

"It is cruel, madam, to disturb the ashes of the dead!"

This was the first word of retort that had escaped the chidden sufferer; and this was uttered in a voice half suffocated with passion.

"Cruel, indeed! Every thing is cruel that contradicts the wishes of young ladies, whose melting tenderness is ruinous to themselves and to every body that ought to be most dear to them."

"You must pardon me, madam, for again and again repeating, in my own defence, that there is no part of my conduct

duct which can justify such an accusation."

"How, Miss! Is an avowed partiality for a fortune-hunter no proof? Is it no stain on the character of a modern young lady? Is it no insult to her family?"

"It was a partiality which had never been avowed, till death had put an end to hope. It was produced and counteracted by very extraordinary circumstances: but, however strong it might be at some moments, which I acknowledge it was, for I disdain falsehood, it was not indulged. I needed no monitor to shew me there were too many reasons why it ought not to be."

"I have not patience. A runagate! A vagabond! A gambler! A prize-fighter! One of the lowest and most contemptible of adventurers! who had betrayed his patrons, who had flown in the face of his benefactors, who was capable
of

of every kind of malice and mischief, and who had not a single virtue !”

“Madam, I cannot listen to such an assertion as that, however I may offend you, without continually protesting it is unfounded ; and that you have been greatly misinformed. I scorn to apologise for his mistakes : but I know that he had virtues which those who have given you this character of him are never likely to possess. How he could be guilty of the crimes of which he has been accused I cannot conceive. Even when a boy, I have heard him express sentiments which I shall never forget ; and which have since been confirmed by his actions. You were acquainted with none of them. You speak from report ; and from report which I am sure was false, and wicked. His heart I know to have been compassionate, his principles such as no mean mind could have conceived, and

and his courage blameably great; though it saved my life. [Tears half choaked her utterance.] But for him I should have been where he now is: a different train of events might have taken place, and he perhaps might have been living. I owe him my life, and you must forgive me if I cannot sit patiently and hear his memory traduced without the least occasion: for, [Her sobbing could not be stifled.] since he is dead, you can no longer think him dangerous."

Oh Olivia!

Gracious God! What were the throbs, the thrillings, the love, the indignation, the transports, of my soul! How did a few moments raise and allay in me the whirlwind of the passions! How did my frame tremble, and madden, and shiver, and burn! How were my lips at once bursting with frenzy and locked in silence! It was my guardian angel that protected me, that pleaded for me, that awed me

to patience, and that repaid by her seraphic praise the virtue she had inspired !

Oh, yes, it was Olivia ! It was she herself that had the justice, the fortitude, and the affection, to assert the dignity of truth, to controvert an overbearing aunt whom she revered, for this aunt had her virtues, and to speak in defiance of that hypocrisy which inculcates the silence that intends to deceive, and which teaches females that sincerity is an unpardonable vice.

CHAP. XI.

FALSE CONCLUSIONS RECTIFIED. A LOVER'S REVERIES. THE DANGERS OF A STAGE-COACH, IN A DARK NIGHT AND A FOG. THE DISCOVERY OF MORE OLD ACQUAINTANCES, AND THE JOURNEY PURSUED.

IT has been truly remarked that the most serious and even the most dignified emotions

emotions are sometimes mingled with the most ludicrous. When the divine Olivia had ended, there was a momentary pause ; and Clarke, meditating no doubt on the advantages of which he had been deprived, and to the enjoyment of which every man feels he has a right, directing his remark to me, suddenly exclaimed—"What would I give now if I understood all that these ladies were saying as well as you do!"

"*Est-ce donc que Monsieur sçait parler François?*—What, sir! Can you speak French?" said the aunt with a burst of surprise.

"Yes, madam," answered I ; in a low and tremulous voice.

"*Gesù Maria! Chi l'avrebbe pensato! Parliamo Italiano, Signora.* Good God! who could have thought it! Let us speak Italian, Miss," continued she : but, suddenly recollecting herself, added—"Perhaps, sir, you speak that language, too?"

"Yes,

“ Yes, madam.”

A dead silence ensued ; which was only once or twice interrupted by an exclamation of discontent from the aunt. Each became busied with their own thoughts : mine were distracted by doubts and apprehensions, concerning the manner in which I ought to act. I could come to no determination. To be seen by the aunt would not only have wounded her pride, and if possible have rendered her more implacably my mortal enemy than she had been, but it would have subjected Olivia, toward whom my heart was bursting with affection, to a series of new assaults and persecutions. Nay the sudden sight of me might overpower her, and even have dangerous effects. Such at least were the whisperings either of my tenderness or my vanity. And yet to miss this opportunity, to acquaint her with none of those overwhelming sensations that were all thankfulness, love, and
ado.

adoration, and not so much as to inform her that I was still living, still perhaps capable of all the good that she had ever supposed of me, was in every view of it tormenting. How had she struggled to conceal her emotions when she mentioned my death, and that I had saved her life ! Should I deserve this tenderness, if I could leave her to grieve a moment longer ? Such unkindness were not only unworthy of me, but might be dangerous : it might even risk her compliance to the proposed match.

And here a torrent of painful anxieties and surmises rushed upon me. The hateful subject was brought fully to my recollection. Andrews was no longer the rival I had to dread. A lord had entered the lists : a peer of the realm had sued for Olivia. Who could he be ? Was it likely that she should long withstand the solicitations of her aunt, endure her bitter upbraidings, and suffer the rude
taunts

taunts of her brother, while rank and splendor were courting her acceptance, while coronets were crouching at her feet and supplicating her compassion? Which of our ancient barons could he be? How should I learn? Was he young, handsome, courteous, engaging? Had he the virtues and the high qualities which imagination is so apt to attach to the word noble?

Another train of conjecture seized upon my thoughts. How did it happen that they should believe me dead? Who were the authors of this false report? It must surely be intentional deceit; perhaps of the aunt, perhaps of Hector; invented to induce her to comply with their wishes, and ally them to the peerage. I must not suffer it to continue. The aunt appeared to believe it; and that Olivia had no doubt of it was certain. My fears confirmed me in the suspicion that it was a family artifice.

I was

I was at length awakened from these reveries by the aunt ; who expressed her surprise and impatience at the slow driving of the coachman. It seems it had continued for some time, though not remarked by me ; and it was not long before the coach stopped, when I perceived that we were in an uncommonly thick fog. Olivia was still silent, but the aunt was alarmed by the voices of men ; and, as the darkness and mist prevented all danger of my being known, I opened the coach-door and jumped out ; and Clarke followed my example.

I found on enquiry we were passing Cranford-bridge at the beginning of Hounslow-heath, that a broad-wheeled waggon had approached, and that the coachman unable to distinguish the road had alighted to lead his horses, lest we should be overturned. He had trusted the reins to the footman who remained on the box.

By

By the caution of the coachman, the waggon was safely passed, and he thought proper to mount his box again : but he durst not venture to drive fast ; and, as I was alarmed for the safety of Olivia, I and Clarke continued beside the horses.

We had not gone fifty yards before we were again entangled with a timber carriage ; the driver of which, embarrassed by the fog, had turned it across the road.

The waters, which lie in the hollows on the Hounslow-side of the bridge, had been greatly increased by the late tempests, and heavy rains. The coach horses began to snort with more vehemence ; for they had for some time been disturbed with fright ; and one of them, running against the projecting timber, plunged, and terrified the rest : so that the two fore-horses, quitting the road, dashed into the water, dragged the coach after
ter

ter them in despite of the driver, and the near-wheels were hurried down the bank.

It fortunately happened that the declivity was not steep enough immediately to overturn the coach ; otherwise Olivia and her aunt would probably have lost their lives.

Bewildered by the fog, neither I nor Clarke could act with that promptitude which we desired. I however got to the horses' heads, myself above the knees in water, and stopped them just in time. I called to Clarke to come to me ; and, as I knew him to be both strong and determined, I committed the horses to him and ran to support the carriage, lest it should overturn.

The coachman sensible of his danger, took care to alight on the off-side. The footman did the same ; and I, with an air of authority which the circumstances inspired, ordered them to come to me
and

and support the coach. They obeyed. I hastened round to the other side, opened the door, first took out the aunt, and then accomplished the wish of my heart: I held the lovely Olivia once more in my arms, and once more pressed her to my bosom, without the least alarm to her delicacy.

For how many rapturous moments are lovers indebted to accident! Mine indeed would have been a single bliss, and therefore unworthy the name, had not the tenderness and the truth of Olivia so lately been manifested. But this addition made the transport undescribable! To be in my arms yet not to know me, but to suppose me dead, to feel my embrace and to have no suspicion that it was the embrace of love, to be once more safe and I myself once more her protector, oh Imagination! Strong as thou art, thy power is insufficient for the repetition of
such

such a scene, for the complete revival of such ecstasy!

I was unwilling to part with my precious burthen, which I had no longer any pretence to retain. "Pray, sir, put me down," said the angel; with a sweet, a gentle, and a thankful voice. "We are very safe now: for which both I and my aunt are infinitely indebted to you."

I could make no reply: but I pressed her hand with something of that too ardent rashness of which the aunt had accused me.

The old lady too did not forget her acknowledgments. She had no doubt now that I was a gentleman. My behaviour proved it. She should be very proud to thank me, in a more proper place, for my civilities; and would endeavour to repay the obligation if I would do her the favour to call in Hertford-street.

Olivia was not one of those who think

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only

only of themselves. "Having been so good, sir," said she, "as to take us out of danger, perhaps you could be serviceable to the poor coachman."

"Let me first see you back to the inn, ladies."

"Some accident may happen in the mean time. The horses are unruly. We will stay here till all is safe."

The advice was just, and it came from Olivia. I obeyed and hastened to the coachman; who was busied in loosing the traces, and relieving the horses from the carriage. This was presently done; and the coach was left, till proper aid and more light could be obtained.

I then returned to Olivia; and, when the coachman came up, the aunt enquired if their danger had been great?

"I don't know, madam, what you may call great," answered he; "but, if that gentleman had not stopped the cattle, and if the near wheels had gone one yard
nay

may two feet farther I should have had an overturn; and then how either you or I could have got out of that gravel pit is more than I can tell. For my own part, I know, I thank him with all my heart; and the other gentleman too: for it is not often that your gentlemen are so handy. Instead of helping, they generally want somebody to help them. I hope they'll be civil enough to take a glass with me. By G— they shall go to the depth of my pocket, and welcome."

"If that be the case," replied the aunt, "we are all very much obliged to them indeed! But I will take care never to travel in a fog again."

Just as this was passing, we heard at a distance, and as if coming from the inn, a shouting of Hollo! Hoix! Coachee! Coach! where are you all?

"I declare," said the aunt, "that is my nephew's voice! This is very lucky! He will now take us in his phaeton."

"Surely, madam," exclaimed I, "you would not trust yourself and this young lady in a phaeton such a night as this; when you see the most experienced drivers are liable to such accidents?"

"If the lady does," continued the coachman as he was going, "why I shall suppose she does not value a broken neck of a farthing."

We then proceeded back to the inn, and were presently joined by Hector; whom the aunt immediately began to rate.

While she was thus employed, I, endeavouring to disguise my voice, as I had before done in the few sentences I had uttered, and addressing myself to Olivia, said, "I should be exceedingly concerned, madam, if I thought you would suffer Mr. Mowbray to drive you home till day light shall appear."

"I certainly shall not, sir;" answered she. "But do you know my brother?"

"Madam!"

“Madam !”

• “You are acquainted with his name ; and I don’t recollect that it has been mentioned.”

I hesitated, Hector turned upon us, we were approaching the light, and, with a suddenness which fear and passion inspired, knowing that Mowbray did not understand Italian, I said in an under voice—“*Il Signor Hugo Trevor non è morto, bellissima Signora ;* Mr. Trevor is not dead, dearest lady”——At the same instant I snatched her hand, pressed it, was about to raise it to my lips, but recollecting myself, turned short round, and added, “*Addio !*”

Clarke was at my back ; and I plucked him by the coat, and whispered—“Come with me.”

But what of Olivia ? Was she dead to feeling at this strange mysterious moment ? Did no rushing torrent of ideas suddenly overwhelm her ? The man

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whose

whose loss she had lamented not in his grave; that man again her saviour, her guardian genius in the dark hour of dread and danger; acquainted in a way the most extraordinary with her thoughts, and favourable wishes; or, as she was too severely inclined to term it, her passion and its folly; a witness that she did not credit all which malice could urge against him, nor listen in base silence when her perhaps too partial heart pleaded in his behalf; nay more, that man the protector of her aunt, by whom he had been so often and so bitterly reviled; that man travelling in obscurity; in familiar society with a carpenter; yet braving peril in her behalf, and shunning the thanks which the uncommon services he had rendered might boldly make him claim; avoiding them most certainly because of the mean condition to which he was reduced; faithful in his affection; for such his behaviour spoke him; but
unfortunate,

unfortunate, depressed, despised ; sinking under poverty ; languishing away his youth ; or crushed by accumulating disasters !—Did no such fears, no such tender recollections, assail her bosom ?—I have described her ill indeed if that could be supposed. I must pursue my narrative : for how can I picture what most indubitably must have passed in her heart, since I feel myself so very incapable of delineating my own !

This adventure did not entirely end here. I wished to have gone forward on foot to Hounslow without delay : but Clarke interceded for a glass of brandy. He said the water had chilled him ; and he was still more importunate with me to take the same preventative. I had no fear for myself ; for I had no such feeling : but, as I did not think I had any right to trifle with his health, I returned with him, taking the precaution to go through the passage to the kitchen door.

Here, just as we came to the threshold, who should be coming in face of us, carrying a pair of candles, but my quondam servant, Philip!

The instant he beheld me, he turned pale, trembled, set down the lights, stood aghast for a moment, and then took to his heels.

Though not so terrified, I was almost as much surprised as he; and suffered him to escape before I had the presence of mind to know how to act. As however it was my plan to avoid being known myself for the present, I thought proper to make no other enquiry than to ask whose servant he was? and was answered that he came with the ladies, who had just returned from the coach.

Various conjectures instantly crossed my imagination; all of which were associated with the sudden flight from Bath, the robbery he had committed, the seeming honesty and even affection of his character.

character previous to that event, his now being in the service of Olivia, for I understood him to be her own valet, and the story of my death. But, though my curiosity was greatly excited, the present was not the time in which these mysteries could be unravelled. We therefore took Clarke's prescription against cold; and, leaving Cranford bridge, pursued our road to Hounslow: where we arrived about eleven o'clock, and put up at an inferior inn; lest any accident should bring us again in company with the aunt and the nephew.

CHAP. XII.

MEDITATIONS ON WHAT HAD PASSED. THE CON-
DOLENCE OF CLARKE. ARRIVAL AT LONDON.
THE MEETING OF FORMER FRIENDS. LAW AR-
RANGEMENTS.

IT may be well supposed that the incidents of this night were not easily driven from my imagination. While we were walking, the care we were obliged to take, and the gloom around us, prevented any thing from escaping me sufficiently marked to attract the notice of my companion. But, when we were seated in a room with lights, and my mind was no longer diverted by other objects, the reveries into which I fell, the interjections that broke from me, the hasty and interrupted manner in which I ate and drank, the expressions of extreme joy which altered my countenance at one moment, and the solemn seriousness which

which it assumed the next, with my eyes fixed, while the tears rolled down my cheeks, at last so agitated poor Clarke that he exclaimed—"For God's sake, Mr. Trevor, what is the matter with you?"

My silence, for I was unable to speak, did but increase his alarm—"Are you taken ill? What has befallen you? Won't you open your mind to me? If I could do you any good, I hope you don't think I should be backward? Are you unhappy?"

"No, no."

"I am very glad of that. But something uncommon I am sure has happened to you: though it may not be fit perhaps that I should hear what. And I don't want to be a busy body; though I must say I should be more at ease, if I was quite sure that all was right. That's all. I have no other curiosity."

"All is not right: but yet I hope it will

be. I know not by what means. It seems indeed impossible ! And perhaps it is ; and yet I hope ! I hope ! I hope !”

“ Well, well : I am glad of that. We should all hope. We are bid to hope. God help us if we did not. Perhaps I can’t give you any help ? I suppose that is beyond me. I am sorry for it. But what can a poor carpenter do, in the way of befriending a gentleman ?”

“ A poor carpenter can have a kind heart ; and I do not know whether that is not the most blessed thing on earth ! Did you ever hear me repeat the name of Olivia ?”

“ Yes ; when you were light-headed, I heard the name many a time and often. And the nurse said you raved of nobody else. But we could none of us find out who she was. Though, I must say, I have often enough wished to ask : but that I did not think it became me to seem to be at all prying.”

"That is the lady you have been in company with to-night. It is she whom you have helped me to save. I was sufficiently indebted to you before: but what am I then at present?"

"Well, that to be sure is accidental enough! I could not have thought it! How oddly things do fall out! But I am glad of it with all my heart!"

"I could not see much of her, to be sure; though I looked with all the eyes I had: but I thought somehow she seemed as fine a young creature as I had ever beheld since the hour I was born; which the mildness of her voice did but make the more likely. I thought to myself, I never in my days heard any living soul so sweet-spoken. So that I must say things have fallen out very strangely."

"I always said to my Sally there must be something between you and the gentlewoman the name of *which* was on your tongue's end so often, while you
were

were down in the fever; and I am glad to the heart that you have happened on her again so unexpectedly: though I can see no good reason, now you have found her, why you should be in such a hurry to get away."

The unaffected participation of Clarke in all my joys and sorrows, the questions which his feelings impelled him to put, and the fidelity of his nature, as well as the impulse which passion gave me to disburthen my mind, were all of them inducements to speak; and I informed him of many of those particulars which have already been recited.

The more intimately he became acquainted with my history, the more powerfully he seemed imbued with my hopes and fears; and the better satisfied I was with the confidence I had reposed in him. I am unable to paint the honest indignation of his feelings and phraseology at the injustice which he as well as

I sup-

I supposed had been done me, the depression of his countenance when I dwelt on the despair and wretchedness which the almost impossibility of my obtaining Olivia inspired, and the animation with which he seemed as it were to set his shoulders to the wheel, when my returning fervor led me to the opposite extreme, and gave me confidence in my own powers and the strenuous exertions on which I was resolved.

The conversation continued long after we retired to rest; so that our sleep was short: for we were up again very early, before it was light, and continued our journey to London; where we arrived a little after nine in the morning.

I immediately proceeded to the lodging of Miss Wilmot; whom I found where I had left her, and who was truly rejoiced to see me. Clarke had never been in London: I therefore took him
with

with me, gave a proper account of him to Miss Wilmot, and we all breakfasted together, while Mary waited ; whose features as well as her words sufficiently testified the unexpected pleasure of the meeting, and who artlessly related the apprehensions of herself and my few friends, at not hearing from me.

My first enquiries were concerning Wilmot and Turl ; and I was delighted to learn that Wilmot, whom I left in a sickly state of mind that was seriously alarming, had been awakened by Turl to a more just sense of human affairs ; and had recovered much of the former vigour and elasticity of his talents.

His sister told me that he was at present engaged in a periodical publication ; and had beside composed a considerable part of a comedy : of which Turl, as well as herself, conceived the greatest hopes.

The reader scarcely need be told that this intelligence gave me great pleasure.

It

It led me to revolve mighty matters in my own mind, created emulation, and inspired me with increasing confidence and alacrity. Yes, said I, exultingly, genius may safely encounter and dare difficulties. Let it but confide in itself and it will conquer them all.

While we were conversing Wilmot came in.

I must leave the imagination to paint the welcome we gave each other.

I was surprised at the change which had taken place in his form and physiognomy; and at the different aspect they had assumed. Not that the marks of melancholy were quite eradicated: but, when I considered his whole appearance, he was scarcely the same person.

I produced surprise in him of a contrary kind. There was neither the wonted freshness of my complexion nor the fashionable ease of my air and dress, which he had remarked but a few months before;

before ; and he took the first private opportunity that offered to enquire, with great earnestness, if there were any means by which he could be of service ?

Under the general selfishness which our present institutions inspire, such questions are wonderfully endearing. I answered him that I had found a friend, whose principles were as liberal and enlarged as they were uncommon ; and that I would take an early occasion to give him an account of my present designs, and the posture of my affairs.

He informed me that the severe application of Turl had enfeebled his health, and had induced him to reside for a few weeks at a small place by the sea-side, that he might enjoy the benefits of bathing and the fresh breezes ; for which purpose he had left London the week before : that neither Wilmot nor Turl himself considered his case at present as the least dangerous, but that they had
both

both agreed this was a prudent step ; and that he had received a letter from Turl, informing him of his safe arrival ; and that he thought he had already derived benefit and animation from the journey.

Turl was not a man to be known and to be thought of with apathy. The intelligence Wilmot gave me, softened as it was by the circumstances attending it, produced a very unpleasant feeling. The possibility of the loss of such a man, so wise, so benevolent, and so undaunted in the cause of truth, was a sensation for which I have no epithet. Wilmot perceived what passed in my mind, and again assured me of his thorough persuasion that there was not any danger.

We passed as much of the morning together as Wilmot could spare from his occupations ; after which we parted, and each proceeded on his own concerns : I to enquire after a dwelling-place ; and
he

he to his literary engagements: while Clarke, instructed by Mary, went in search of a lodging for himself through those streets that were most likely to afford him one at a reasonable rate.

Mr. Evelyn had a relation of a younger branch of the family in the law, whose name was Hilary, to whom I was recommended; and from whom I received the utmost attention, in consequence of the letters I brought. This gentleman was an attorney of repute, a practitioner of uncommon honesty, assiduous and capable as a professional man, a firm defender of freedom even to his own risk and detriment, a sincere speaker, a valuable friend, and in every sense a man of worth and principle.

Happy at all times to oblige, he willingly undertook the task assigned to him by Mr. Evelyn's recommendation; and, in pursuance of his advice, I hired an apartment in the neighbourhood of Queen's-

Queen's-square Bloomsbury: that I might be within a convenient distance of the inns of Court, yet not entirely buried in the noise and smoke of the disagreeable part of the town.

I likewise informed Mr. Hilary of my determination not to be a dumb barrister; and having, from my appearance and mode of enunciation as well as from the letters of Mr. Evelyn, conceived rather a high opinion of my talents, he applauded my plan: in pursuance of which he recommended me to place myself with Counsellor Ventilate; a man of high situation in the law. I readily consented; and it was agreed that he should speak to that gentleman immediately on the subject, and appoint a meeting.

CHAP. XIII.

MORE MEDITATIONS RELATING TO OLIVIA; CON-
CLUDING WITH A LOVE-LETTER. DOUBTS CON-
CERNING ITS CONVEYANCE.

IT cannot be supposed that Olivia was out of my thoughts. Knowing her kindness toward Miss Wilmot, I carefully took the first opportunity to inform the latter of the chief incidents that had passed; and to concert with her some means, if possible, of obtaining an interview.

Miss Wilmot no longer received any pecuniary aid from Olivia. Wilmot considered it as a duty to provide for his sister; and had too lofty a sense of independence to admit the repetition of these favours. Yet how far that pride of heart, which teaches us, not only that we should not submit to receive pecuniary assistance from any human being except from our relations, but that these relations can accept of no relief, however much they

may be in need of it, without tarnishing our honor, is a question which deserves to be seriously examined. Not but, at that time, it squared very aptly with my opinions. It may be further remarked of relations that, as they sometimes think they ought only to receive aid from each other, so, they most of them imagine that, from each other, they may unblushingly extort all they can. The generous Wilmot indeed was in no danger of this last mistake.

But though money was no longer a motive for intercourse, between the gentle Olivia and Miss Wilmot, there was no danger that either of the friends would forget the other; and the latter was too sincerely interested in the happiness both of me and Olivia not to be willing to promote that happiness, by every means in her power.

What these means should be was the difficulty we had to solve. To use any
kind

kind of stratagem would offend the delicate and justly-feeling Olivia. To come upon her by surprise, even if the opportunity should offer itself, would not be a manly and dignified proceeding.

I had always thought highly of that courage which, mild as her manners were, she never failed to exert on trying occasions. Her defence of me in the coach was a proof that I had not overestimated her fortitude. It likewise shewed that she was under mistakes concerning me that were dangerous, should they remain unexplained; and that, whenever I thought of them, which was but too often, excited my utmost indignation.

Bold however as she was in my defence when she supposed me dead, very different sensations might assail her when she should be convinced (if she still doubted) that I was living. Her submission to her aunt seemed to be unlimited, as long as she supposed that to comply would be less

less productive of harm than to resist : but I had witnessed that she would not consent to actions of great moment, which her heart disapproved.

These facts made it improbable that she would grant me an interview, without her aunt's knowledge. What then was to be done ? A letter, that should fully explain my thoughts, my plans, my determination, and my hopes and fears, appeared to be the most eligible mode. Were I to prompt her to a clandestine correspondence, I was well aware that I should highly and justly offend her. She would consider it as little less than an insult. Her conduct was open, her mind superior to deceit ; and to be ignorant of this would be to shew myself unworthy of her. The lover should disdain to excite his mistress to any action which he would disapprove in a wife ; and this was a rule not to be infringed, by him who should aspire to the noble-minded Olivia.

To write then I resolved ; and in such a manner as to open my whole soul to her, awaken her affections, call forth her admiration, agitate her with pity and love, and ensure her perseverance.

Alas ! I took the pen in hand, but was miserably deceived. I had undertaken an impossible task. Thought was too rapid, too multifarious, too complicate ; and the tracing of letters and words infinitely too slow, and frigid. At last however, after repeated attempts, I determined on sending the following : with which when written I was very far from satisfied ; but of that I despaired.

“ To the woman whom my soul adores how shall I address myself ? Tumultuous thoughts, hopes that vanish, and fears that distract, are ill fitted for such a task. Governed by feelings which will admit of no controul, I can only claim your pardon on the plea of inability to preserve that silence which it is temerity, or something

something worse, to break. My thoughts will have passage, will rush into your presence, will expose themselves to the worst of calamities, your reproof and anger. Distracted as I am by a dread of the dangers that may result from my silence, I persuade myself that these dangers are more immediate and threatening, though scarcely more painful, than your disapprobation.

“You have supposed me dead; though by what strange accident I cannot divine. Under that supposition, it was my miraculous fortune, my ecstatic bliss, to hear you, with a purity of heart and a dignity of sentiment such as none but a heart like yours could conceive or express, avow a former partiality in favour of one who, whatever may be his other faults, would gladly resign his life to secure your happiness: of one who, in his overweening affection has fondly and foolish-

ly cherished the persuasion that this happiness is inseparable from his own: nay who partly hopes and partly believes, so blind is his egotism, that he is the only man on earth who fully comprehends your wonderful worth and matchless virtues; and who is pursuing the fixed purpose of his soul, that of finally deserving you, from the conviction that he through life will be invariable in that admiration, that tenderness, and that unceasing love without which the life of Olivia might perhaps be miserable. These may be the dreams of vanity, and folly: yet, if I do not mistake, they are the dreams of all lovers. They are indeed the aliment or rather the very essence of love. What delight can equal that of revelling, in imagination, on the happiness we can bestow on those who have bliss so ineffable to bestow upon us?

“What then if I were to see this Olivia
mated

mated with a man so dull of faculty as soon to lose all sense of the wondrous treasure in his possession; who never perhaps had any discriminating knowledge of its worth; and who shall be willing to barter it for any vile and contemptible gewgaw that may allure his depraved taste, or sickly appetite? Is there no such man? Are these fears wholly groundless?

“At what an immeasurable distance do I seem cast from the enjoyment of that supreme bliss to which, perhaps, the frenzy only of imagination could make me aspire! There is but one means by which I can be happy. Either I am to be the most favoured of mankind, or I am nothing. Either I rise into godlike existence, or I sink unknown and never to be remembered. Either we are made for each other, or — I dare not think on the reverse. It is too distracting.

“Yet I have no hope! What I now

write is presumption, is madness! And why? It is not your beauty, your virtues, or the supreme qualities of your mind that would raise this gulph of misery between us. No. Avarice, vanity, and prejudice are my enemies. It is they that would sacrifice you at their altars. That you will persevere in your refusal is my only hope.

“How shall I palliate, what I cannot defend, my behaviour while I overheard you and your aunt? In vain do I plead that I was asleep, when you came into the coach; and that I first discovered you by the sound of your voice and the turn of the conversation; that I dreaded exciting any sudden alarm in you: perhaps it was a vain dread: and that, when I ought most to have spoken, when I became the subject of the discourse, I was then chained in silence by unconquerable emotions. Yet to be a listener? Indeed, indeed, it is a thing that my soul disdains!

But

But I have done many such things ; not knowing, while they passed, what it was that I did.

“ My destiny now is to study the law ; and to this my days and nights shall be devoted : but the distance at which I see myself from the goal is a thought which I am obliged, by every possible effort, to shut out of my memory.

“ I am in want of consolation ; but since your society is denied me, I know not where it may be found. I own, there are moments in which I am fearfully agitated. Yet I do not solicit an answer. Let me rather perish than prompt you to an action of the propriety of which even I am obliged to doubt ; since it cannot I suppose be done without concealment. Oh that you knew every thought of my heart ! You would then perceive the burning desire I have to make myself every way worthy of that unutterable bliss to which I aspire.

“Madman! I aspire?”

“With what contempt would such daring be treated, by those whom custom and ties of blood have taught you to revere! I confess this is a thought which I cannot endure. Yet I can less endure to relinquish my impossible hopes. Could you conceive what these contradictory and tormenting sensations are, you would perhaps be induced to pardon some of the extravagant acts which I heard you so mildly, yet so justly, censure.

“To be yours then is the end for which I live; and yet my pride and every other feeling revolts, to think I should entreat you to accept a pauper, either in wealth or principle. Well, then, I will not waste my time, in complaint. Let me become worthy of you, or let me perish! Fool! That is impossible. But if fall I must, I will endeavour to make my ruin respectable.

“Suffer me to inform you that I have lately

lately acquired a friend whose virtues are beyond my praise, and who has urged me to accept his aid, in forwarding my studies and pursuits, as an act of duty incumbent on us both. Our acquaintance has been short; and so, considering the serious nature of the subject, was the debate that led to this conclusion: yet his arguments seemed unanswerable, and I hope I have not yielded too lightly. Oh that it was allowed me to consult your exquisite sense of right and wrong! But wishes are vain.

“Thus far I have intruded, yet know not how to end. My only hope that you will take no offence at what I have written is in the conscious respect that my heart feels for you; which I think cannot have misguided my pen; and the knowledge that you are too just lightly to attribute mean or ill motives to me.

“How languid is all that I have written! Am I so impotent that I can pre-

sent none of the images that so eternally haunt me, that wing me into your presence, furnish me with innumerable arguments which seem so all-persuasive, melt me in tenderness at one moment, supply me with the most irresistible eloquence the next, and convince you while they inspire me with raptures inexpressible? Are they all flown, all faded, all extinct? Where is the fervor that devours me?

"I would pray for your happiness! I would supplicate heaven that no moment of your bliss should be abridged! Shall it then be disturbed by me? Oh no. Unless authorised by hopes, as different as they are wild and improbable, pardon but this, and you shall never more be subject to the like importunity from

HUGH TREVOR."

Having written my letter, I had to devise the means of having it delivered.

If it were addressed directly to her, what certainty had I that it would not be opened by the aunt? Nay was not that indeed the most probable? And would it in that case ever be seen by Olivia? In my apprehension certainly not.

I had then to chuse whether I would send a messenger, who should wait about the house and take some opportunity to deliver it clandestinely; or commit it to the care either of Mary or Miss Wilmot.

The messenger was a very objectionable expedient: it was mean, and liable to detection. The medium of Mary was something of the same kind; and the friendship and intelligence of Miss Wilmot rendered her intervention much the most desirable.

It was a delicate office to require of her. But she could speak the truth: she could say that it was to relate some facts which Olivia might even desire to

know, that it contained nothing which I myself should wish her to conceal, if she thought fit to shew it; that it did not invite her to any improper correspondence; and that it was the only one which, under the present circumstances, I meant to obtrude upon her.

That Miss Wilmot might be convinced I had neither deceived myself nor her in this account, which I should instruct her to give of it, I hastened with it to her lodgings, and requested her to read it before it was sealed. Having ended, she was so well satisfied with the propriety both of writing and delivering it that she readily undertook the latter office; and with her I left it, hoping that Olivia would soon call, would read it in her presence, and that I should quickly learn what might be the sensations it should produce.

CHAP. XIV.

COUNSELLOR VENTILATE AND THE LAW. RAP-
TURES EXCITED BY THE PANEGYRIC OF BLACK-
STONE, DIALOGUES LEGAL AND POLITICAL,
WITH CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS.

MEANTIME the appointed interview between me and Counsellor Ventilate took place. This gentleman was characterized by those manners, and opinions, which the profession of the law is so eminently calculated to produce. He had a broad brazen flare, a curl of contempt on his upper-lip, and a somewhat short supercilious nose. His head was habitually turned upward, his eye in the contrary direction, as if on the watch in expectation to detect something which his cunning might turn to advantage; and his half-opened mouth and dropping jaw seemed to say, "What an immense fool is every man I meet!"

His

His whole manner and aspect appeared to denote that he was in a continual reverie; and that he imagined himself in a court of law; brow-beating a witness, interrogating an idiot, or detailing cases and precedents, to shew the subtlety with which he could mislead and confound his hearers. A split-hair distinction without a difference gave him rapture; and whenever it happened to puzzle, which was but too often, he raised his left shoulder and gave a hem of congratulation to himself; denoting his conviction that he was indisputably the greatest lawyer in the world! And, if the greatest lawyer, he was as certainly, according to his own creed, the greatest man! For the rest of mankind, if put in competition with lawyers, what were they? What but poor, silly, imbecile creatures?

One standard, by which he delighted to measure his own talents, was the length to which he could drawl out a reply.

Was

Was there a man to be found who could speak eight hours unceasingly? He would surpass him. When his turn came, nine should not suffice. He would be more dull, contradictory, and intolerable, than his rival by an hour, at least. He would repeat precedents, twist sentences, misconstrue maxims, and so perplex and entangle his own intellect that his hearers had no way of getting rid of the pain he excited; except by falling asleep, or determining not to listen. It must be owned however he had some charity for them; for to sleep he gave them a very sufficient provocative.

Being one of the retainers of government, he had a seat in the House of Commons: where he used to rise in his place and address the Speaker, with no less logic, love of justice, and legislative wisdom, than he was wont to display when pleading in the courts.

It

It was in vain that he exposed himself to the ridicule of this most discerning body, not less witty than virtuous. Of shame he was incapable. He would again and again rise in his place, totally forgetful of past flagellation, and again and again convince Mr. Speaker and the honorable members : persisting to labour, in the hope of making them all as profound reasoners as himself. No matter that the thing was impracticable : he would get up and do his duty, and sit down and receive his own applause.

To mention shame in this case was indeed absurd. How should a man blush at reproof which he cannot comprehend? His skull was so admirably fortified, by nature, that it was equally impenetrable to the heavy batteries of argument or the skirmishing artillery of wit. Let the cannon roar : he heard it not. He was abstractedly contemplating those obscure depths

depths in which he remained for ever seated; and where he had visions innumerable, though he saw nothing.

One favourite and never-failing object, on these occasions, was to instruct the house in law. And here the devil, who is himself a kind of lawyer, for he devours his best friends, the devil I say chose these opportunities to vent his choicest malice. He did not set a lawyer to confound a lawyer: that were but a stale device. He humbled him out of the mouths of men who had occasionally read law-books, it is true: but who had read them without a lawyer's obliquity; and had enquired what was the simple unadulterated intention of their authors. Now law, which in all its stages has a quibble in either eye, that may mean good or may mean ill, is every where, except in a Court of Justice, capable of a good interpretation. This is not a rule without an exception: but in many cases at least,

law.

law has something intentionally beneficial in its principle.

For this beneficent vital-spark every body, but a lawyer, is in search; and it is what every body, but a lawyer, is delighted to find. No wonder therefore that a lawyer should meet discomfiture, and confusion, when he pretends to discuss the abstract nature of justice, in any place except in these aforesaid Courts of Justice.

Thus it happened that Mr. Ventilate was, on all such occasions, confounded in that honorable house, of which he was an honorable member: which indeed, when we remember who were his opponents, was less miraculous than the immaculate conception—Pshaw! I mean the transmutations—of Vishnoo.

Much of the conceit and ridicule of the character of Mr. Ventilate was apparent, even to my eye, at our first meeting. But he was a person of great practice, and had the reputation of a sound lawyer :

lawyer: which signifies a man who has patience to read reports, and a facility at quoting them. Beside, I was in haste; and rather inclined to leap over an obstacle than to go round it.

Accordingly our arrangements were made, and the next day I attended at his chambers; with a firm and as I supposed not to be shaken determination to become one of the greatest lawyers the world ever beheld.

The first book I was advised to read, as a historical introduction to and compendium of law, was Blackstone's Commentaries. This author had acquired too much celebrity for any man of liberal education to be ignorant of his fame. I therefore began and continued to read him with all the prepossession that an author himself could wish in his favour. The panegyric he makes on English laws, and the Constitution of Britain, gave me delight and animation. The reproof he bestows,

bestows, on gentlemen who are ignorant of this branch of learning, and on the perplexities introduced into our statute-law by such "ill-judging and unlearned legislators," and his praise of the capacity they would acquire for administering justice, to which sacred function they are so often called, were this ignorance removed, gave dignity to the study I was about to pursue.

Then the account given of Servius Sulpicius! who, according to my learned author, "left behind him about a hundred and four-score volumes of his own compiling!" How wonderfully did it move my admiration! I previously knew that in most countries, which are denominated civilized, law was voluminous: but I had never till then imagined that one man could himself compile a hundred and four-score volumes! And, as it seems, could compile them at his leisure too: for his chief business was that of oratory!

oratory! Beside which it lives on record that, being a firm patriot, he was a wise and indefatigable senator! But it appears that Sulpicius could devour law with greater ease than Milo, or perhaps even than Cacus himself, could oxen.

Neither was it recorded that this prodigy of legal learning began young. And should I then despair of equalling him? No, no: get me into one of my trances and, had he compiled as many thousands of volumes, I should scarcely have suspected that I could not compile as fast as he.

As I read on, how did I deplore the quarrel between Vicarius and his opponents: or, in other words, between the pandects and the common law of England! with the ignorance that had nearly been the result! Howrejoice in the institution of those renowned hot-beds of law, the Inns of Court: by the aid of which, had not the rage for enacting laws kept
pace

pace with the rage for studying them, there were hopes that the whole kingdom would in time have been so learned in the science that every man might indeed have become his own lawyer.

How did I regret that I had not studied common-law while at college! How sympathise with my author, when he exclaims—"That a science, which distinguishes the criterions of right and wrong; which teaches to establish the one, and prevent, punish, or redress the other; which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart: a science, which is universal in its use and extent, accommodated to each individual, yet comprehending the whole community; that a science like this should ever have been deemed unnecessary to be studied in a university, is a matter of astonishment and concern!"

How did I bless the memory of Mr.
Viner,

Viner, who had found a remedy for this evil, by establishing an Oxford professorship; and how promise to make myself master of his abridgment, till I had every case it contained at my tongue's end! What were four and twenty volumes in folio? Compared to Sulpicius, it was a trifle!

The eulogium that I next came to on a university education, how grateful was that to my heart! I was not, as my oracle described, though one of the "gentlemen of bright imaginations, to be wearied; however unpromising the search." Neither was I to be numbered among those "many persons of moderate capacity, who confuse themselves at first setting out; and continue ever dark and puzzled during the remainder of their lives." The law being itself so luminous, there was no fear of that with me.

I met indeed with one overwhelming assertion. "Such knowledge as is necessary

fary for a judge is hardly to be acquired by the lucubrations of twenty years !”

But this to be sure must be meant of dull fellows. As to the limits of genius, they were unknown.

My pleasure revived in full force, when I arrived at my author's definition of law : which he states to be—“ a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a state ; commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong.” What will you say to that, friend Turl ? exclaimed I : putting down the book, and pausing. Can any thing be more provident, more wise, more desirable ?

In short, I found the writer so clearly understood and satisfactorily explained the nature of law, and the benefits arising from it, that, for my own part, I began to be ashamed of my former stupidity. It was all so self-evident that it seemed disgraceful not to know it as it were by intuition. I was in that precise temper

of mind which renders conviction an easy task: for I was in haste to be rich, and famous; and the desire of wealth and fame are two of the strongest provocatives to faith that the sagacity of selfishness has ever yet discovered.

While I was in the midst of all these admirings, my attention was roused by a dialogue that passed between two of my senior fellow-pupils, whose names were Rudge and Trottmann, which the former thus began.

"That was a d— rascally cause we were concerned in yesterday."

"Rascally enough. But we got it."

"I can't say but I was sorry for the poor farmer."

"Sorry! Ha, ha, ha! You remind me of an unfledged-recruit: or a young surgeon, who has just begun to walk the hospitals. Frequent the Courts, and you will soon learn to forget commiseration, and attend to nothing but law. Docketing of entails gives the lawyer as little con-

cern as the amputation of limbs does the surgeon : they are both of them curious only about the manner, and dexterity of the operation."

"I suppose it will ruin the man."

"He was a fool for making it a criminal prosecution. He should have brought an action for damages."

"It is an aggravating thing for a man to have his daughter seduced, be beaten himself because he was angry at the injury, and, when he sues for redress, not only be unable to obtain it, but find his fortune destroyed, as well as his daughter's character, and his own peace."

"The law knows nothing concerning him, or his fortune, character, peace, or daughter. It is and ought to be dead to private feeling. It must consider nothing but the public benefit : nor must it ever condescend to vary from its own plain and literal construction."

"That is strange : for its origin seems to

to have been in those very feelings, to which it is so dead."

"Undoubtedly. But it provides for such feelings each under its individual class; and if a man, seeking redress, shall seek it under a wrong head, that is his fault; and not the fault of the law."

"It is a fault, however, that is daily committed."

"Ay to be sure: or there would be but few lawyers."

"How so?"

"Why, if a man doing wrong was certain, or almost certain, of being detected and exposed, the chances would be so much against offenders that offences would of course diminish."

"Then the prosperity of lawyers seems to result from the blunders which they themselves commit?"

"No doubt it does; and, as the blunders are innumerable, their prosperity must be in proportion."

"There seems to be something wrong in this; though I cannot tell what or why."

"Ha, ha, ha! You have no cause to complain: you are a lawyer, and your own interest must teach you that every thing is right. Except indeed that the classes or heads I mentioned, and consequently the blunders, are not numerous enough. But, thank heaven, we have a remedy for that: for our statute-books are daily swelling."

"Why, yes! Some people say they are pregnant with mischief: of which it is further asserted that they are daily delivered."

"Ay, certainly; and to the great joy of the parents."

"Who are they?"

"Enquire for the father at St. Stephen's; and for the mother at Westminster-hall. I assure you they are both enraptured at their own offspring. The

old

old lady sits in state, and daily praises her babes with the most doating loquacity. And she does this with so grave a face that it is impossible to forbear laughing, when you hear her. She is so serious, so solemn, so convinced that every thing she utters is oracular, and so irascible if she does but so much as smelt a doubt concerning the beauty and perfection of her brats, that there is no scene in the world which tickles my imagination so irresistibly as to watch her maternal visage during her eulogiums, while the big-wigs are nodding approbation; or the contortions of her physiognomy, when any cross incident happens to impede the torrent of her fondness. With all due respect to her motherly functions, she is a very freakish and laughable old lady.

“ You have a turn for ridicule : but I confess, if I thought your picture were true, I do not believe my sensations

would be so pleasant as yours appear to be."

"And why, in the name of common sense?"

"How can one laugh at the mistakes and miseries of mankind?"

"For a very simple reason: because it is the only way that can render them endurable. None but a fool would cry at what cannot be corrected."

The colloquy between my companions here took another direction, less interesting to me, and left me to pause and ruminate. This picture, said I, is satirical I own: but surely it is unjust. Blackstone, beyond all doubt, understood the science profoundly; and his account of it is very different indeed.

I turned back to the passage I have quoted.

"It distinguishes the criterions of right and wrong; teaches us to establish the
one

one and prevent punish or redress the other; employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart: it is universal in its use and extent, is accommodated to each individual, and yet comprehends the whole community."

How just, how ennobling, how sublime is this praise! To compare it to the doatings of an old woman is extremely false; nay is pernicious; for, by exciting laughter, it misleads the judgment.

My companions being silent, I was impelled to address myself to Trotman. "I wonder, sir," said I, "that you should be such an enemy to law."

"I an enemy! You totally mistake. I am its fast friend. And with good reason: I find it a very certain source of ease and affluence even to the most stupid blockheads, if they will but drudge on; and of riches, honours, and hereditary

fame, to men of but very moderate talents. I may surely expect to come in for my share ; and therefore should be a rank fool indeed were I its enemy. I leave that to innovating fanatics. Let them dream, and rave, and write : while I mind my own affairs, take men as they are and ever must be, profit by supporting present establishments, and look down with contempt on the puppies who prate philosophy, and bawl for reform."

I was stung. Conscious of the turn my own thoughts had taken, I suspected that he had divined this from some words which I might have dropped, and that his attack was personal : I therefore eagerly replied—" Your language, sir, is unqualified."

" I meant no offence. If you are a reformer, I beg your pardon. I never quarrel about what I have heard certain pompous gentlemen call principles."

" Then

"Then all those persons, who differ in opinion from you, are puppies; and pompous gentlemen?"

"Oh dear, no, sir! Only all those that are absent. The company, you know, according to the received rule, is excepted."

There was something impudently humble and satirical in his look, while he uttered this: yet so contrived as to make the man appear a pettish angry block-head, who should take offence at it; and I certainly was not inclined to quarrel with my new comrades, the first day of our acquaintance.

Beside, Trotman was a little insignificant man, in appearance; pot-bellied, of a swarthy complexion, but with keenness, cunning, and mockery in his eye; and whose form and figure, as well as his turp of mind, must have made it ridiculous to have quarrelled with him. I

therefore waited for some more fortunate opportunity, to repay him in his own coin: for I was as unwilling to be vanquished by wit, and satire, as by force of argument, or of arms.

Rudge, whose temper was more placid but who had an enquiring mind, said, "You do not know my friend Trotman yet, Mr. Trevor. He cares but little who has the most reason, so that he may have the most laughter."

"Life is a journey," added Trotman; "and, if I can travel on terra firma, with a clear sky, and a smiling landscape, let those that please put to sea in a butcher's tray, and sail in quest of foul weather."

"Yes, sir, but the search of ease is the loss of happiness; and to fly from danger is the likeliest way to meet it: that is, when you either seek or fly without a guide."

"And who is this guide to safety?"

"It

“It is, what you appear to hold in contempt, Principle.”

“Ha, ha, ha! Right! The blind leading the blind. Conjure up one phantom to seek for another. How prodigiously we improve!”

“From what you have said, I am not surprised that you should consider principle as a phantom. But you only quarrel with the word: for, as principle can mean nothing more than a rule of action, deduced from past experience and influencing our present conduct, you, certainly, like other men, act from principle. It is a moral duty to shun pain, and keep your fingers out of the fire.”

“Not if I want to sear up a wound.”

“You are excellent at a shifting blow. But why would you apply the cautery? Because principle, guided by experience, has previously told you that to cauterize is in some cases the way to heal.”

“But empirics, who cauterize without

K 6

healing,

healing, are daily multiplying upon us."

"Were that granted, it is but empiric opposed to empiric. Men have been groaning under their sufferings for ages; and, since ages have proved that the old prescriptions were insufficient, I can neither see the danger nor the blame of following new."

"Zeal may be purblind, and perhaps could not see a guillotine: but her neck might chance to feel it."

"Then you think a guillotine a more terrible thing than a halter, an axe, or perhaps even a rack?"

"It will do more work in less time."

"And you suppose it to be principle, or if you please innovation, that has given this machine its momentum?"

"Suppose! Is there any doubt?"

"Infinite. I imagine it to be given, if we may be allowed to personify, neither by Innovation nor Establishment;
but

but by the rashness and ill temper with which these heroines have mutually maintained their positions. Innovation struck the ball at first too impetuously : but Establishment took it at the rebound, and returned it with triple violence. Brunswickian manifestoes, and exterminating wars, were not ill adapted to raise the diabolical spirit of revenge. An endeavour to starve a nation, which it was found difficult to exterminate by fire and sword, was not a very charitable act in Madam Establishment. Her swindling forgeries were little better ; and that her turn should come, to be starved and swindled, is not miraculous : though it is deplorable. Heaven avert her claims to the guillotine !”

My antagonist had no immediate reply ; and Rudge exclaimed, with some satisfaction, “ Why, Trotman, you have met with your match !”

“ Not I, indeed,” answered he, peevishly.

ishly. "I am only lost in a labyrinth of words; and am waiting for Principle to come and be my guide. But I am afraid she carries a dark lanthorn, which will but blind those that look."

"I suspect, sir," said I, "you are less at loss for a joke than an argument; and that you prefer bush-fighting. For my own part, I love the fair and open field of enquiry."

"As this is a field that has no limits, nor any end to its cross roads, I am content, as you say, to sit down under my hedge and be quiet."

"No, no; I did not say that: for I see you love to draw a fly bow at passengers."

"I have now and then brought down a gull, or an owl."

"Have you shot any of those birds to-day?"

I felt no compunction in making this triumphant retort to his sneer. And here our dialogue ended. Though it

was

was a kind of declaration of war ; I mean a war of words ; which, as we became more acquainted, was occasionally waged with some asperity.

But, in one respect, Trotman was my superior. To sneer was habitual to him : but it was always done in a manner which seemed to indicate that he himself had no suspicion of any such intent. So that he continually appeared to keep his temper ; and never triumphed so effectually as when he could provoke me to lose mine. On which occasions his additional conciliatory farcasms, accompanied with smiles denoting the enjoyment of his victory, never failed to make me feel my own littleness. And this is a lesson for which I consider myself as very highly in his debt.

I now pursued my reading ; and employed the rest of the day in beginning to copy the manuscript precedents, that were to capacitate me for the practice of

law: for the number of which, that were in his possession, Mr. Ventilator was famed.

My ardour however had felt some trifling abatement, by the very different picture and panegyric of the law as given by Trotman, opposed to that I had been contemplating. But I had this very powerful consolation: that, as Trotman knew very little of what I supposed to be the true principles of politics, it was highly probable he was no better acquainted with those of law.

CHAP. XV.

FORMER RESENTMENTS REVISED. DOUBTS PROTRACTED. CONJECTURES ON THE SINCERITY OF A DELICATE YET FIRM MIND.

ABOVE a fortnight passed away, during which I received no word of intelligence concerning Olivia. At some moments I felt

felt great affliction from this suspense: at others I collected myself and determined to pursue my plan with all the vigour in which it had been conceived.

In the interval, I wrote several times to Mr. Evelyn. To this I was prompted from the very nature of my engagements and situation. Beside which I had not forgotten my pamphlet against the Earl and the Bishop, that lay ready for publication; though the acrimony of my feelings was much abated. The propriety of making the world acquainted with this affair was one of the subjects of my correspondence, with Mr. Evelyn: to whom I had the candour to state my own opinions and sensations, on one part; and, on the other, the objections that had been urged by Turl.

In the history I had given Mr. Evelyn of myself, I was impelled, as well by inclination as necessity, to delineate the character of Turl; with which he
could

could not but be charmed ; and with his arguments and dissuasions on this subject. With these the ideas of Mr. Evelyn entirely coincided. He wrote delightful letters ; full of animation, feeling, and friendship ; and his persuasion therefore had the greater effect.

Wilmot concurred in the opinion of both ; and, being thus pressed by the men whom I most loved and revered, I endeavoured to consign my resentment and its effusions to oblivion, and to dismiss the subject entirely from my mind.

At length, my suspense concerning Olivia found some, though far from a satisfactory, relief.

As she had paid no visit to Miss Wilmot, the latter of course had found no opportunity to deliver my letter. One evening, however, as I was sitting after tea with Miss Wilmot and her brother, a note came of which the following were the contents.

“ Miss

“ Miss Mowbray presents her kind and tenderest respects to Miss Wilmot, and informs her that she has been in town for some short time. Assures her that her not having called is far indeed from any decline of former friendship, the sincerity of which is invariable : but that there are motives which prevent her, for the present, from the enjoyment of that satisfaction. She would have been most happy to have communicated her thoughts to Miss Wilmot in person : but she is the slave of circumstances which, for family reasons and indeed from other motives, she is forbidden to explain ; and to which she is obliged to submit. She confides in the goodness and friendship of Miss Wilmot, who she is well assured will not misinterpret that which is unavoidable ; and, cherishing the hope of a more favourable opportunity, wishes her all possible happiness : requesting that, if by any means in her power it can be increased,

creased, Miss Wilmot will acquaint her with those means: that she may have the wished-for occasion of proving the ardour and sincerity of her affections."

"Hertford-street, Nov. 17th."

Miss Wilmot gave me this note to read; and the commentary I immediately made was that, finding I was alive, the fear of a rencontre with me was the obstacle to her visits.

They agreed that this was a very probable supposition: but how far the aunt was any way concerned in it was matter of more uncertain conjecture. Miss Wilmot knew that Olivia had informed her aunt of the visits she was before accustomed to make; and, as her ideas concerning sincerity were delicately strict, it was more than probable that she had disdained to conceal any of the circumstances with which she herself was acquainted. I therefore thought it almost indubitable

indubitable that she had been no less frank on the present occasion than was habitual to her on others; and time afterward discovered that my conclusions were right.

“With what unequal weapons,” exclaimed I, “do the lovers of truth and the adherents of hypocrisy contend!”

“They do indeed,” replied Wilmot. “But, contrary I believe to your supposition, the former have infinitely the advantage: for the latter systematically deceive themselves.”

What was to be done? Was I to pursue some covert mode of conveying my letter? Should I send it openly? Or ought I to let it remain, and patiently wait the course of events; which, by endeavouring to forward, I might but retard? Wilmot, who, though he had too much sympathy to communicate all his fears, had but little expectation, judging from the failure of his own plans

of

of the success of mine, advised me to the latter; and, perplexed as I was with doubt and apprehension, I followed this advice.

END OF VOL. IV.